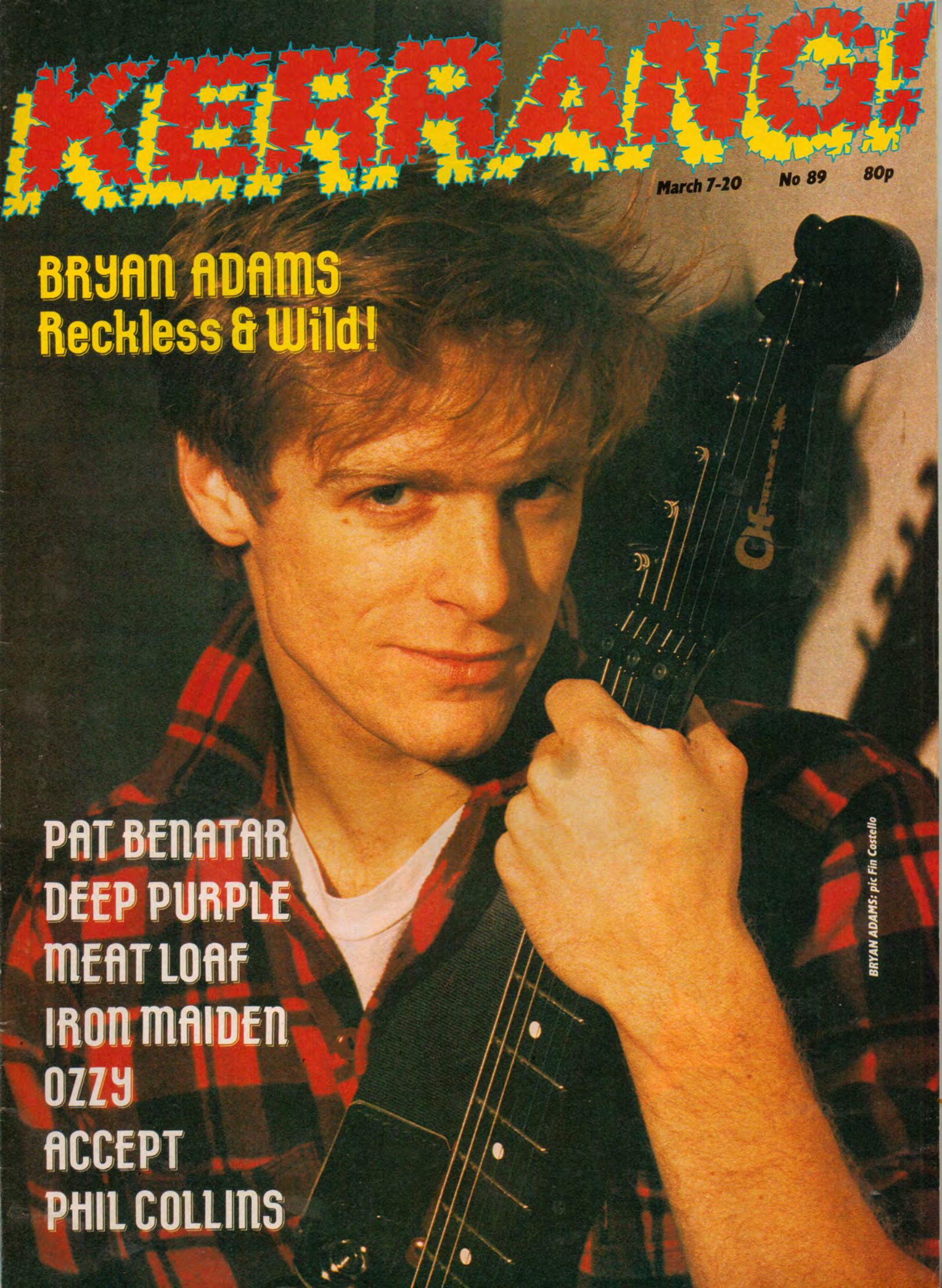
KERRANG!

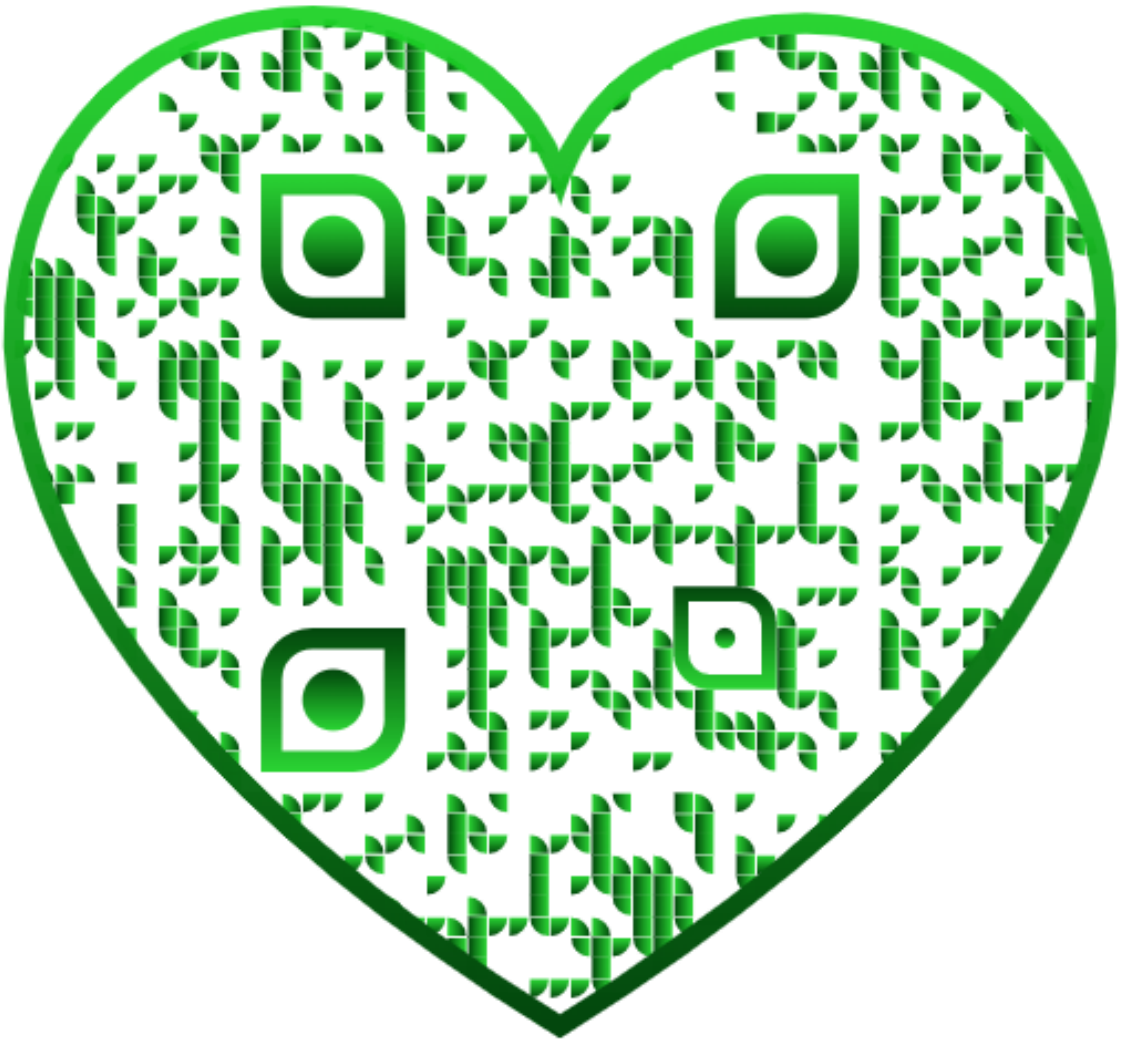
March 7-20 No 89 80p

BRYAN ADAMS
Reckless & Wild!

PAT BENATAR
DEEP PURPLE
MEAT LOAF
IRON MAIDEN
OZZY
ACCEPT
PHIL COLLINS



BRYAN ADAMS: pic Fin Costello



■ **DEEP PURPLE** (**Ritchie Blackmore** pictured on this page) will be headlining a festival at **Knebworth House** on June 22. It will be their only UK appearance this year.

Tickets are priced at £12.50 and can be obtained by post from: **Deep Purple, PO Box 281, London N15 5LW**. An SAE must be enclosed plus a 50p booking fee; all cheques/POs should be made payable to **'Deep Purple Concert'**. Please allow *six weeks* for delivery.

Bookings *via* credit cards can be made on the following telephone number: **01 439 4061**. Further information on the festival can also be obtained by calling this line.

In addition, tickets are currently on sale to personal applicants at the following outlets:

London – London Theatre Bookings
Birmingham – Cyclops Sound
Stoke – Mike Lloyd
Manchester – Piccadilly
Swansea – Dereks
Nottingham – Way Ahead
Derby – Way Ahead
Lincoln – Way Ahead/The Box Office
Leeds – Cavendish Travel.

A limited number of tickets will also be available on the day priced at £14.

British Rail will be laying on a special shuttle bus service from **Stevenage Station** to the site.

The festival will run from 12 noon until 11pm and is expected to feature six bands. Although no other acts have been confirmed, the **Firm** have been mooted as filling a 'special guest' role.

Pic George Bodnar

■ **THE SCORPIONS** are presently mixing their forthcoming double live album with producer **Dieter Dierks** at his studio in Cologne. The LP, as yet untitled, is expected out on the *Harvest* label during June.

■ **DIO** ARE currently writing material for their third album. As yet, no studio has been selected for the recording of this opus, although it's expected that once again **Ronnie James Dio** will handle the production duties.

In the meantime, the band's contribution to the soundtrack of the **'Vision Quest'** movie (just issued on the *Geffen* label – see *Kulture* issue 87 for full details), **'Hungry For Heaven'** (produced by RJD at Sound City Studios in Los Angeles), might well be put out as the band's next single, both in the US and UK.

■ **URIAH HEEP** issue their latest studio album through the *Portrait* label on March 25. Titled **'Equator'** it was produced by **Tony Platt** at Battery/Jacobs/Genetic studios. The full track listing is: **'Rockarama'**, **'Bad Blood'**, **'Lost One Love'**, **'Angel'**, **'Holdin' On'**, **'Party Time'**, **'Poor Little Rich Girl'**, **'School's Burnin' '**, **'Heartache City'** and **'Night Of The Wolf'**.

A single has just been put out by the band. Available in seven inch, seven inch picture disc and 12" formats, all contain 'Rockarama' on the A-side with **'Backstage Girl'** on the flip. The 12" version also features a previously unreleased live track taken from a recent session Heep recorded for New Zealand TV.

Uriah Heep have also added the following dates to their current UK tour: **Aston University** March 6, **Cleethorpes Polytechnic** 12, **Coventry Polytechnic** 13, **Cardiff Ocean Club** 19. For a full list of the scheduled shows, see *Mayhem* issue 87.

After their British tour, the quintet will be embarking on a full European trek, following which they return here during early Spring for a further selection of dates, including **London**'s **Hammersmith Odeon**.

■ **MAMA'S BOYS** issue their latest studio album through *Jive* on March 22. Titled **'Power & Passion'** it was produced by **Chris Tsangarides** at Battery Studios in London and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Hard And Loud'**, **'Straightforward'** (a re-recording of the track that first appeared on the 'Plug It In' LP), **'Lettin' Go'**, **'Needle In The Groove'** (again first performed on the 'Plug It In' set) and **'Run'**.

Side Two: **'Power & Passion'**, **'Don't Tell Mama'**, **'The Professor Part Two'** and **'Let's Get High'**.

A limited edition 12" single, featuring **'One Last Chance'** plus a 15 minute interview with the Irish trio, will be given away free with the LP.

The band will be undertaking a UK tour during the Spring, which will include a date at **London**'s **Dominion Theatre** on April 28.

■ **JOHNNY VAN ZANT** has signed a new recording contract with the *Geffen* label.

■ **GIRLSCHOOL** HAVE just taken over from **Giuffria** as support act on **Deep Purple**'s continuing American tour. The quartet, who have just finished work on their new (as yet untitled) album with producer **Nick Tauber** at Battery Studios in London, are expected to fill this role until the end of March.

TOP OF THE CASTLE?

■ *ALTHOUGH IT hasn't been confirmed to date, it seems highly possible that **ZZ Top** (above) will headline this year's **Monsters Of Rock Festival** at **Castle Donington** during August. According to a spokesman for the band's management: "a substantial offer has been made to ZZ Top to fill this slot and if everything goes according to plan we might take this up."*

*The Texan trio are currently recording a new studio album with producer **Bill Ham**. As yet untitled, the LP should be out on the* Warner Brothers *label during late Spring/early Summer.*

RIOT CHANGE

■ ***QUIET RIOT** have parted company with bassist **Rudy Sarzo** (above, far left). The band are currently auditioning potential replacements.*

*Sarzo is in the process of forming a new outfit with drummer **Tommy Aldridge** who has just left **Ozzy Osbourne**'s band. And just to complete the circle, there's a possibility that QR's **Frankie Banalli** (above far right) will replace Aldridge in Ozzy's group.*

■ **AIRRACE** HAVE left the *Atco* label. Apparently, the band were dissatisfied with the lack of promotion their debut album, 'Shaft Of Light', received last year in the US.

■ **ROBIN GEORGE** has just signed a management agreement with the **Part Rock** organisation. He re-issues his recent singles **'Heartline'** and **'Spy'** in a double-pack on *Bronze* at the end of March.

■ KANSAS ACT **Shooting Star** have just finished their new studio album with producer **Ron Nevison**. Titled **'Silent Scream'**, it's to be issued on the *Geffen* label during mid-April.

■ **TERI DESARIO** issues a single on the *Epic* label in the next few weeks. It's titled **'Overnight Success'** b/w **'Reach For The Top'**.

■ LONDON QUARTET **Rogue Male** issue their debut album through *Music For Nations* on March 22. Titled **'First Visit'** it was produced by **Steve James** at Village Way Studios in London. The band's line-up is **Jim Lyttle** (vocals/guitar), **Steve Kingsley** (drums), **Johnny Fraser Binnie** (guitar and **Philippe Clark** (bass).

The band have signed with the *Elektra* label for releases in USA, Canada and Japan.

■ **MAGNUM** HAVE signed a recording deal with *FM*. Their first release is a three-track 12" single in the next few weeka. The A-side features **'Just Like An Arrow'** (produced by **Peter Schweir** at DEP International Studios in Birmingham), whilst the flip contains **'Two Hearts'** (again produced by Schweir) plus **'The Word'** (an orchestral version of a number that first appeared on 'The Eleventh Hour' album, recorded with the **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**).

The band have just begun work on a new album, tentatively titled **'On A Storyteller's Night'**.

■ *MUSIC FOR NATIONS* issue the debut album from New York act **Megadeth** on May 3. It's titled **'Killing Is My Business – And Business Is Good'**.

■ **GRIM REAPER** issue their second album on the *Ebony* label (UK)/*RCA* (US) during mid-April. Titled **'Fear No Evil'**, it was produced by **Darryl Johnston** at Ebony Studios in Hull and features the following revamped track listing: **'Fear No Evil'**, **'Final Scream'**, **'A Matter Of Time'**, **'Never Coming Back'**, **'Lord Of Darkness (You'll Live In Hell)'**, **'Fight To The Last'**, **'Rock 'N' Roll Tonight'** and **'Let The Thunder Roar'**.

The quartet will probably be shooting a semi-conceptual video for **'Fear No Evil'**.

On the live front, Grim Reaper hope to play selected UK dates (including **London Marquee Club**) during April, following which they'll be undertaking an extensive tour of America appearing as support act on part of **Raven**'s forthcoming US tour. The band have, in fact, just signed a management agreement with US-based **Concrete**.

■ A NEW, London-based quintet has just been formed under the monicker of **Operator**. It features former **Motörhead** drummer **Phil Taylor**, ex-**MSG** bassist **Chris Glen** plus three members of the now-defunct **Grand Prix**, *viz* lead vocalist **Rob MaCauley**, keyboardsman **Phil Lanzon** and guitarist **Mick O'Donoghue**.

■ *ROADRUNNER* ISSUE a six-track mini-album from M-80 on March 8. The band on the record is **Don Costa** (bass), **Niki Buzz** (guitar/vocals) and **Sam Mann** (drums). The LP was produced by Buzz and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Facecracker'**, **'Get Out Of Town'** and **'Hollywood Chills'**.

Side Two: **'Stop In The Name Of Love**, (a cover of the **Supremes** classic), **'Frying Pan'** and **'Supply & Demand'**.

■ CANADIAN TRIO **Exciter** are working on their third album with producer **Guy Bidmead** at Britannia Row Studios in London. It's expected out on the *Music For Nations* label during late May/early June. The trio are supporting **Accept** on their current European tour, which includes **London Hammersmith Odeon** on March 15, tickets for which are still available priced at £5/£4.50.

MORE* MAYHEM *OVER PAGE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

■ IQ HAVE just re-issued their single **'Barbell Is In'** on the *Sahara* label. It's being distributed by the revamped *Pinnacle* organisation.

The band begin work on a new studio album later on this month. Tentatively titled **'The Wake'**, it will be produced by guitarist **Mike Holmes** at Falconer Studios in London. The LP is to be issued during May. As yet, no label deal has been finalised.

IQ intend to undertake a UK tour during late May/June, including a major London date.

■ LOS ANGELES act **Storm**, whose last album came out nearly two years ago on the *Capitol* label, might well be working with producer **Keith Olsen** on a project in the near future. As yet, no details have been confirmed.

■ CANADIAN QUARTET **Kick Axe** have just issued their debut album, **'Vices'**, on the *Epic* label in the UK. See review issue 71.

■ *MUSIC FOR NATIONS* will be issuing the debut album from San Francisco quintet **Exodus**, titled **'Bonded By Blood'**, on April 19.

■ THE DEBUT, self-titled album from **Giuffria** has just been issued by *MCA* in the UK. See review issue 84.

■ *MCA* WILL be issuing albums from **Triumph ('Thunder Seven')** and **Stone Fury ('Burns Like A Star')** on March 11. See reviews issues 84 and 83 respectively.

■ **TOKYO BLADE** have just issued a three-track 12" single through the *Powerstation* label. Titled **'Madame Guillotine'** it features the following songs: **'Madame Guillotine'**, **'Breakout'** and **'Lovestruck'**. All songs were produced by **Roy Neave** at Fairview Studios in Hull

■ LONDON ACT **Bombay** are currently recording their debut album for release on *Music For Nations* during May. As yet untitled, it's being produced by the band at their own studio in Hatfield.

■ LEEDS BAND **Ice Diamond** were recently forced to pull out of a proposed four-date trip to Scotland because guitarist **'Andy'** contracted a chest infection. Another Leeds act, **Otis Bladder**, stepped into the breach to play these shows and ID hope to re-arrange gigs at all the venues involved as soon as possible.

In the meantime, the band have just completed work on their debut single, **'Steel Your Soul'**. As yet there's no news on a release date.

■ UXBRIDGE-BASED act **Lyadrive** have just completd work on a three-track 12" single, featuring the following songs: **'Give Me Wings (Young Lover)'**, **'We've Got The Rock'** and **'Here Comes The Night'**.

The band are currently negotiating an independent release for this record.

■ *CHERRY RED* have just put out **'Blockbuster Mix'** from the **Sweet**. Available only in 12" form, this primarily features re-mixed versions of **'Ballroom Blitz'** and **'Blockbuster'** 'constructed' by **Sonny X**.

■ FURTHER TO our story in *Mayhem* last issue, the name of the drummer with new act **Schutt** is **Graham Phillips** and *not* **Baker**.

■ *ELUSIVE RECORDS* issue an eight-track progressive rock compilation album titled **'Fire In Harmony'** (distributed through *EMI*) on March 18. The full track listing is: **'Fly High Fall Far' – Pendragon, 'Shadows' – Haze, 'Blood And Roses' – LaHost, 'Unspoken Words' – Citizen Cain, 'A Tale Of You' – Liaison, 'Peace' – Solstice, 'Hidden Mysterious' – Trilogy** and **'Fire In The Sky' – Quasar**.

DUTCH FESTIVITIES

■ *TWO MAJOR Dutch festivals take place at the end of March.*

The ***Earthquake Festival*** *is on March 23 at* ***Kaat Sheuel*** *and has the following line-up:* ***Europe, Pretty Maids, M-80*** *(featuring* ***Niki Buzz****),* ***Tysondog, Killer*** *(from Belgium, pictured above) and* ***Horizon*** *(from Holland).*

The ***Aardschok Festival*** *will be on March 30 at* ***Ysselhal, Zwolle*** *and has the following bands:* ***Rising Force*** *(featuring* ***Yngwie Malmsteen****),* ***Slayer, Sortilege, Exciter*** *and* ***Helloïse*** *(from Holland).*

BLUE FOR TED

■ *DRUMMER* ***Ted McKenna*** *(pictured above far right in the early days of the* ***Michael Schenker Group****) has now left MSG and formed a trio called* ***Blue Murder****. The band also features guitarist/vocalist* ***Kirby*** *(previously with* ***Curved Air, Stretch, Cozy Powell*** *and* ***Graham Bonnett****) and bassist* ***Durban Leverde*** *(formerly with the* ***Movies****).*

■ WEST YORKSHIRE band **Shark** are currently looking for a new vocalist. Interested parties should contact either **Pete** on **0422 246027**, or **Craig** on **0422 246294**.

■ LONDON QUARTET **4X** have signed a recording deal with the newly formed *American Phonograph International* label (distributed through *Pinnacle*). Their debut album, **'Ballet Dancer'**, is issued by the company on March 22.

The band's line-up is **Paul Sinden** (guitar/keyboards), **Dave Anderson** (bass – previously with **Hawkwind**), **Clive Brooks** (drums – formerly with **Steve Hillage** and the **Groundhogs**) and **Dave Earnshaw** (saxaphone/flute).

■ WELSH ACT **Multi-Storey** are currently working on their debut album with producer **Liam Sternberg** at Rockfield Studios in Wales. As yet untitled, the LP should be out on the *Heavy Metal Records* label in the near future.

■ A NEW, Barking-based band is presently being put together under the monicker of **Shanghai Tyger**. Already confirmed in the line-up are **Daran Aldridge/John Hurley** (guitars) and **Bob Falk** (drums). The band are currently seeking a bassist. Interested parties should send a tape/biography/photo to: **20, Navestock House, Abridge Way, Thames View Estate, Barking, Essex IG11 OQS**.

■ FORMER **SEX PISTOLS** drummer **Paul Cook** has put together a new outfit called the **Chiefs Of Relief**.

■ EAST ANGLIAN band **Runestaff** have just issued their debut, self-titled album on the *Heavy Metal Records* label. It was co-produced by **Bran** and **Richard Woolbar** at The Chapel in Lincolnshire.

■ AMERICAN BAND **Black Flag** have just issued a cassette album on the Californian-based *SST* label. Titled **'Live '84'** it was recorded at the Stone in San Francisco and engineered by **Steve Corbin**/mixed by **Greg Ginn, Bill Stevenson** and **Ethan James.**

The quartet's line-up is Henry Rollins (vocals), Ginn (guitar), **Kira** (bass) and Stevenson (drums).

■ WESTON-SUPER-MARE band **Zenith** now have a ten-track cassette album available by mail order from: **Ken, 88 Meadow St, Weston-Super-Mare, Avon.** It's priced at £2.95 (incl. p&p)..The quartet's line-up is **Andy Sayers** (guitar/vocals), **Cliff Evans** (guitar),**Hayden Palmer** (bass) and **Mark Helmore** (drums).

■ GERMAN BAND **Saints' Anger** have just issued their debut album, **'Danger Metal'**, on the *Mausoleum* label.

■ FARNBOROUGH BAND **Capricorn** have just put out a 15-track cassette album at a price of £2 (incl. p&p). Copies can be obtained from: **MG Steib, 9 Medway Drive, Cove, Farnborough, Hants.**

■ THE NEWLY formed *Demi Monde* label (distributed through *Charly*) have just issued **'Bring Me The Head Of Yuri Gagarin'**, a live recording of **Hawkwind** in concert at the Wembley Empire Pool in 1973.

The band's line-up up at the time was **Robert Calvert** (lead vocals), **Del Dettmar** (synthesisers), **Dave Brock** (guitar/vocals/synthesisers), **Simon King** (drums), **Lemmy** (bass), **Nik Turner** (saxophone), **Dik Mik** (keyboards) and **Stacia** (exotic dances).

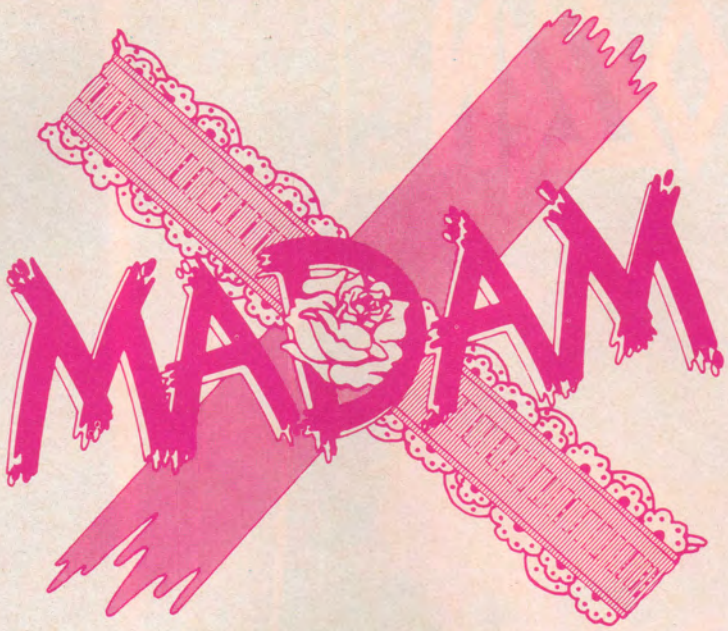
■ POLYDOR HAVE just issued a new **Jimi Hendrix** compilation under the title of **'Kiss the Sky'**.

■ *EMI HAVE* just re-issued the following archive albums from **Deep Purple**: **'Machine Head'**, **'Fireball'** and **'Deep Purple In Rock'**. Each LP comes with a gatefold PVC sleeve and will be available in picture disc form.

■ *EMI* have just re-issued **'Hocus Pocus'** and **'Sylvia'**, two classic singles from Dutch act **Focus.**

■ LOS ANGELES quintet **Savage Grace** issue their debut album on the newly formed *Black Dragon* label throughout Europe (distribution is through *New Rose* on the continent and the *Cartel* in the UK). It's titled **'Master Of Disguise'**.

The band's line-up is **Christian Logue/Mark Marshall** (guitars), **Mike Smith** (lead vocals), **Brian East** (bass) and **Dan Finch** (drums).



MADAM X
DEBUT ALBUM

'WE RESERVE THE RIGHT'

"WE'RE TALKIN' ABOUT SONGS CATCHIER THAN HERPES AT A GROUPIES CONVENTION!"

Malcolm 'Stan' Dome, KERRANG!

Jet RECORDS

PHIL COLLEN

Pic Ross Halfin

AFTER AN initial period of depression following the car accident which has left drummer **Rick Allen** with one arm, **Def Leppard** have rallied spirits and are ploughing on positively with the recording of album number four.

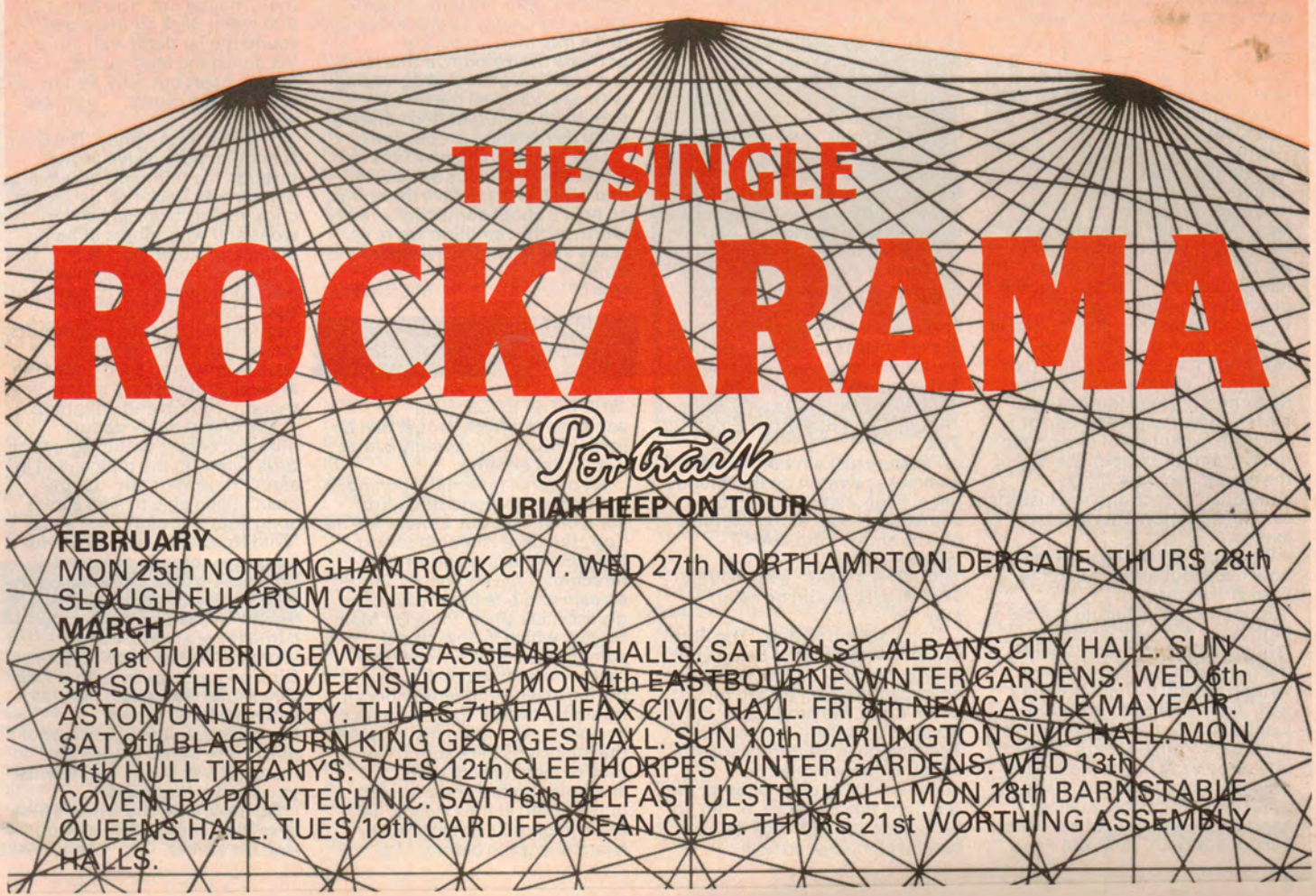
As already announced, the band are currently ensconced in *Wisseloord Studios* near Amsterdam (they've been there since mid-August '84), going out to Holland following a period of pre-production in Ireland with producer **'Mutt' Lange**, who now seems likely to mix the LP in the UK.

Having parted company with original choice producer, the ill-fated **Jim Steinman**, and scrapped most of the work done with him, vocalist **Joe Elliott**, bassist **Rick Savage** and guitarists **Steve Clark/Phil Collen** are now producing the as yet untitled album themselves along with engineer **Nigel Green** (who worked on the last two Leppard LPs), putting their backs into 10 songs, titles including 'Ring Of Fire', 'Armageddon It' and the Stonesy 'Excitable'.

The LP should be out (fingers crossed) around August, after which the band will head out on a world tour complete with brand new stageshow. It seems unlikely at the moment that Allen will be ready to participate on the road, but he is determined to attempt a comeback and will remain a member of the band unless *he* feels unable to cope. Having left hospital six weeks earlier than expected, he's in good spirits and ready to face the challenging months ahead. (An exclusive interview with Joe Elliott will follow next issue).

DANTE BONUTTO

URIAH HEEP



THE SINGLE

ROCKARAMA

Portrait

URIAH HEEP ON TOUR

FEBRUARY
MON 25th NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY. WED 27th NORTHAMPTON DERGATE. THURS 28th SLOUGH FULCRUM CENTRE.

MARCH
FRI 1st TUNBRIDGE WELLS ASSEMBLY HALLS. SAT 2nd ST. ALBANS CITY HALL. SUN 3rd SOUTHEND QUEENS HOTEL. MON 4th EASTBOURNE WINTER GARDENS. WED 6th ASTON UNIVERSITY. THURS 7th HALIFAX CIVIC HALL. FRI 8th NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR. SAT 9th BLACKBURN KING GEORGES HALL. SUN 10th DARLINGTON CIVIC HALL. MON 11th HULL TIFFANYS. TUES 12th CLEETHORPES WINTER GARDENS. WED 13th COVENTRY POLYTECHNIC. SAT 16th BELFAST ULSTER HALL. MON 18th BARNSTABLE QUEENS HALL. TUES 19th CARDIFF OCEAN CLUB. THURS 21st WORTHING ASSEMBLY HALLS.

Pic Fin Costello

THE FIRM: lacking that champagne touch

THE FIRM
'The Firm'
(Atlantic Records 781 239-1)

I REMEMBER sitting in my parents' front room listening to *'The Friday Rock Show'* on *Radio One* the night they previewed the first Bad Company album in its entirety.

I had my portable *Hitachi* two-inch speaker cassette recorder all ready and set up, and I sat with bated breath and a clean side of tape waiting, waiting for the pearls of wisdom to fall from the transistorised batteries of my Dad's old wireless.

When the waiting was over, and I had the bloody thing actually good and down, my feelings were mixed to say the least. About half the songs were worth their weight in gold, and the rest? God, I tried so damn hard to *love* those songs, but the proof came when I realised I wasn't interested in playing those same songs more than once or twice again as the days flew past.

All in all, at the end of the day, to quote a famous footballing *cliché,* I was as sick as a parrot. With the exception of one or two really stand-out tracks, the rest of the album could hardly be consigned to rock and roll history as one of its more memorable events.

And that, my friends, is exactly how the debut album from the Firm strikes me.

Eight tracks, including the old Righteous Brothers chestnut 'You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling', the remaining seven numbers written mostly by Paul Rodgers, with Jimmy Page co-authoring just five of them. From the outset it's mostly Paul Rodgers' show. If you've already heard the single 'Radioactive', then you'll have a good idea where the musical heart of the album lies: acoustic-based raunch 'n' roll, with Page keeping something of a low-profile in deference, it would seem, to Rodgers' as-always quite superb lead vocals, Chris Slade's meticulously inspired percussive drum patterns and, the biggest surprise of the day, 'young' Tony Franklin's ridiculously fine bass playing; inspired ain't the word, he sounds like a close musical relative of the uniquely talented Pino Paladino, rich textures, sometimes synthesised, somtimes not, all times sweet.

Opening with 'Closer' and 'Make Or Break', two of the better tracks on the album, with or without Page's expected (though largely unemphasised) lead bombast, they drive along very nicely indeed thank you. And would that they *only* followed up with some material as chunky and swanky as, say, 'Trampled Underfoot', or, uh, 'Can't Get Enough (Of Your Love)', instead of the feckless meanderings of the otherwise pleasing 'Someone To Love', or, for that matter, 'Satisfaction Guaranteed' and 'Money Can't Buy' from *Side Two.*

Pleasing just ain't the word I wanna see written on this bloody page, Page. I was hoping for something more along the lines of, you know, 'BRILLIANT', 'SENSATIONAL', 'BREATHTAKING'; even 'OVER THE MOON' would be nice, man. . .

Don't get me wrong. 'The Firm' is a long way short of being your average-bear LP, it just lacks that champagne touch for too much of the time. The production, by Rodgers and Page, is excellent. The playing is uniformly superb, certainly there can be no question marks over whether this is a *bona fide* B.A.N.D., or not. In fact, were this a for-real all-new band with no discernible pedigree to boast of, then I'm quite sure I'd have something a little more positive to offer in the shape of konstructive kriticism. . . oh well. . . oh s**t. . .

The final track, 'Midnight Moonlight' (already touted as the Firm's very own 'Stairway To Heaven' magnum opus) is a winner though, through and through. When Page announced this one from the stage of the Hammersmith Odeon he said that it was the first song the band ever wrote together and one of the main reasons the musicians involved felt compelled to actually stick together and make a go out of this band. And it's easy to see why.

It has a slow meaningful build-up, a very Zeppelin-esque treatment, firstly on the acoustic wipe-out of the introductory first half, then, ta-ra!, the only real Page axe-freak-out of the album, replete with large-scale backing vocal chorus and Mr Rodgers sounding as brave and hurt as only he can. A tremendous number and worth your attention soonest. . .

'The Firm', despite all the popular media-message that Jimmy Page is BACK, distinctly lacks any genuinely inspired Jimmy Page input, although on the strength of what we have to consider here, and choosing to ignore that noble pedigree for just a mo, their second or perhaps third album, if this really is a brand new band progressing with new ideas all the time, should be a full-blooded corker of quite devastating proportions.

Like I said, I think rock fans the world over wish this band well, and we all want to *love* the songs, so how's about some toons really *worth* all that emotion we're so ready and willing to sacrifice next time?

Huh?

MICK WALL

MICK JAGGER
'She's The Boss'
(CBS 86310)

'SHE'S THE BOSS' is an achievement Mick Jagger can be justly proud of. . . it really is that good, that exciting.

All original material, opening with the only Jagger/Richards song on the album 'Lonely At The Top', the pace is breath-taking, the guitar playing and singing ferocious. I haven't heard Jagger scream and bite out the lyrics so gruesomely since 'Exile On Main Street', which is now so old sometimes I think I'm the only rock journalist left on the face of the Earth who still remembers it, let alone riffs out to it, twin-neck squash racket riding my hips. All the musicians here sound like they're playing with their arseholes on fire and a loaded gun pointed at their heads. Jeff Beck, in particular, I just *never* heard this good before. . . s**t, I ain't lived *that* long. . .

'Half A Life' bursts from the cans like a nova-dream pinwheel spinning through space with the bug-eyed adrenalin rush of ten speed freaks out for a burn, humping the shoulders of ten customised *Harley Davidsons*. . . like, get off the road, Mum, the boys are back and bitchbitchbitching. . . !

The single, 'Just Another Night', impresses with its soul-fire-choir backing vocals and its Chic-funk-junk. And 'Lucky In Love' (co-written between Jagger and Bowie's guitarist Carlos Alomar) struts and cuts with a funk line that would gobble up your heart if it didn't take a chunk out of your ass first. Beck screeches like a witch at the stake with that guitar-weapon-thing of his. Oh, we're heading for the outer-limits. . . yeah, the devil took a hand in things, Ma, and I ain't never coming home again. . . oh no. . . Christ no. . . ! F**k no!

'Running Out Of Luck' and 'Secrets' are regular after-hours mystery rides through the darker recesses of Jagger's own paranoic fantasies. 'Secrets' in fact sounds like it could be about Jerry Hall and her brief front-page affair with the millionaire who owns all the racehorses, but then, maybe not. You forget all that when Beck comes creeping round the far bend with more of his punishing lead-bleeds. . . Oh, cut my heart out *now,* Father, and feed it to the crows. . . yes, yes, yes. . .

The title track, 'She's The Boss', is another percussive prowl through the midnight boulevards of bedroom back-fire, as Jagger cries into his tropical fish tank the woes and wherefores of being hitched to a bad-ass bitch. . . this is the direct antithesis of all the old Stone misogyny culled from their 'Under My Thumb' neanderthal days of Sixties prick-tease! 'Turn The Girl Loose' is reggae crisp and fried under the sweeping death rays of a nuclear moon. . . dumb and delightful.

The one vaguely dodgy moment occurs at the fag-end of *Side One* with the only ballad in sight, 'Hard Woman'. Jagger hasn't been able to sing a love song with a straight face since 'Wild Horses' back in 1970. His first tragi-comedy of forced errors in this department came with the awful/tearful single 'Angie' in 1973, and has truly come to roost with 'Hard Woman'. He sounds like Robin Gibb on nasal-spray with a *Vick-Sinex* tube shoved up his arse, while the band croon horrendously into some sort of post-Perry Como strings an' things drivel. Magic really, once you see the funny side. . .

So there it is. The world's first ever Mick Jagger solo album. And it's a killer.

MICK WALL

PHIL COLLINS 'No Jacket Required' (Virgin V2345)

ANYONE WITH a microbe of brain-tissue will know that two of the finest rock/pop albums of the '80's so far have sprung from the prolific pen of mega-talented Phil Collins. This, his third offering, following the sad, brooding 'Face Value' and the similarly sentimental though more commercially aware 'Hello, I Must Be Going', finds PC in a happier mood, apparently free of personal problems and riding his solo wagon with whips a-crackin'.

Considering 'No Jacket Required', it's clear Phil is snuggling into a comfortable little groove with his solo material now. Though brighter and perhaps more mainstream than its two predecessors, the new album nevertheless follows a similar pattern, with a melodious mixture of tempos and textures featuring the distinctive guitar work of Daryl Steurmer, the brassy boisterousness of the Phenix Horns and of course the man himself, dabbling in the delights of various keyboards to complement his familiar vocals and spotless drumming.

Of the lively, brass-strewn numbers, the exuberant 'Sussudio' immediately springs to mind; dance-floor fodder no doubt, but *totally* irresistible!

'Only You Know And I Know' follows, motoring on Collins' crisp, cracking beat and urged by some deft guitar/brass interchanges, while on t'other side you'll be delighted to find the insistent stomp of 'Who Said I Would', also spiced with the frisky Phoenix foursome.

But it's not all up-tempo gaiety, for the desperately inquisitive 'Doesn't Anybody Stay Together Anymore' and particularly the soft, sensual 'Long Long Way To Go' and the simple, soulful and smoochy 'One More Night' are sure *Kleenex*-soakers which reflect Collins' quieter moods beautifully. OK, so songs like 'One More Night' aren't exactly stretching Collins and he could probably knock 'em out at any time of day, but who cares when they're as *good* as this?

Back on the brighter side there's 'I Don't Wanna Know' and the infuriatingly catchy 'Don't Lose My Number' (both of which are tailor-made for the Stateside single success) and 'Inside Out', passing as perhaps the most Genesis-like track on show.

Finally, there's the wonderfully choral 'Take Me Home' featuring backing vocals from Sting, Peter Gabriel and Helen Terry, building the album to a memorable climax. Moving stuff indeed.

MARK PUTTERFORD

JOHN FOGERTY 'Centerfield' (WEA 925203-1)

'He take the thunder from the mountain,
He take the lightning from the sky,
He bring the strong man to his begging knee,
He make the young girl's mama cry . . .' – 'The Old Man Down The Road'

'Sometimes I think life is like a rodeo,
The trick is to ride and to make it to the bell . . .' – 'Rock And Roll Girls'

OH, BUT there was one bad mutha of a dumb moon rising the night 'Uncle' John Fogerty's first album in almost ten years arrived in my international rock journalist superstar pouch, hot from the grimy swamplands of deepest boogie woogie land. Otherwise known as Memphis, Tennessee to you, soldier . . .

'Krusher' Joule climbed up on the desk, cardboard axe wielded like a sawn-off shotgun aimed at the heart of Malcolm Dome, the walking undead. Me, I mixed myself another *Jack*-on-*Jack*, hung back in my fibreglass office chair and let the sweeping Southern winds blow over my hot, fevered brow. John Fogerty? X-Creedence Clearwater Revival, been 'retired' this past decade, one of the most talented multi-instrumentalist rock and roll messiahs that ever drew God's foul breath . . . Yup, we were acquainted all right. From way back.

So . . . 'Centerfield'. Not only does my man write every damn song on the album, he composed the arrangements, produced the entire caboodle, played every single instrument you hear, *and* sang it. And now what am I supposed to say? I don't *like* it? Or, uh, I ain't quite *sure* about some of it? Away with your crock of rock critics' bulls**t. This here album is never less than brilliant, a binding achievement from one of rock and roll's purest, most enchanting leading lights.

JOHN FOGERTY: wonderful, stirring stuff!

Nine all noo tracks, each and all a beast of rarified passions and bitter addictions. Kick-off number and current single 'The Old Man Down The Road' reaches out its long neck and spits boogie-woogie fire straight into the blinking red eyes of a largely jaundiced rock medium populated by popular pretenders to the throne like Dave Edmunds, Dire Straits, and, oh, you can guess the rest . . . it's wonderful, stirring stuff.

How Fogerty maintains the superglue cohesion of a project he, and only he, had any say, musical or otherwise, in remains a modern mystery of quite extreme proportions. If this was a 'band' as such, I'd beat my own Grandmother into submission if it meant half-inching the necessary ackers from her pensionised purse to score myself a hot copy of this album from this, uh, 'band' . . .

'Rock And Roll Girls' had the whole office alley-cat chorus (hi Krush, for God's sake sit down Geoff, and *please* Doom, stop levitating . . .!) singing along in unholy unison. That said, the sax break (played by John, natch) is superb and, at the very least, redolent of a Brecker Brother or two at their finest.

'Big Train (From Memphis)' keeps the temperature Texas tired and California crisp. Honky-tonky slide guitar finger-picking good, followed by a lone-wolf vocal that tears the leather from the soles of your cowboy boots. Yee-haw!

All the remaining tracks are coming straight at ya from the same *Tequila*-drenched hot-spots: 'Mr Greed', 'I Saw It On TV', 'Centerfield' and 'Searchlight' . . . just listen and they say it all better than the likes of I ever could . . . mmm hmmm.

Overall, then, an absolute peach of an album. MICK WALL

ACCEPT 'Metal Heart' (Portrait PRT 26358)

MOVE OVER Skorpions, coz the new masters of Kraut Rock have arrived!

I'm talkin' about Accept, of kourse. At long last Udo and da boyzz have come up wiv the masterpiece we Accept fans have been praying for. They came close wiv 'Restless And Wild', while last year's offering, the very kommercial 'Balls To the Wall', was konsidered a step backward.

But look at it from Accept's point of view – they'd just signed a mega deal worldwide wiv *Portrait;* what with that, and having to tour the States for the first time last year, they just had to play it safe. Still, that said, the hints of great things to come were neatly hidden away on 'Balls To The Stalls'. I mean, how could you go wrong wiv such klassiks as 'Love Child', 'Fight It Back' and 'Losers And Winners'? But the killer punch was somehow missing.

So, just how have Accept progressed, I hear you cry? Well, for starters they've done the right fing by hiring top-notch producer Dieter Dierks, the man who did such a grand job on the virtually ignored Black 'N Blue album last year; but listening to 'Metal Heart' it seems pretty obvious to me that Dieter is far more at home producing heavier material. The other improvement soundwise is the re-introduction of the band's former axepert – Jörg Fischer; he seems to have given Accept a new-found energy that was beginning to fade on the aforementioned 'Balls . . .' opus.

The Krauts seem to have kornered the market when it comes to klean kut 'Eavy Metal; the Skorps have already proved this wiv their last offering 'Love At First Sting', but now it's Accept's turn to klean up – and they've certainly cum up wiv a mouth-watering selection of short, sharp, delightful and at times hilarious gems. The album kicks off in grand style wiv the title kut – a very grandioze Wagnerian opera-style chant sets the toon in motion, which neatly leads us into a typical Accept rocker. The only way I can describe it is by simply saying: "It's Accept-like" – ya know what I mean, a typical shout-chorus of *'Metal Heart!'*, backed up Udo's snarling, gruff vocals. Then there's the teazing riffs and high whining solos from Messrs Wolf Hoffman and Jörg Fischer – and let's not forget the serious kick'n'snare style drum pounding from Stefan Kaufmann. Next up, 'Midnight Mover', is what *Portrait* describe as 'The Hit Single' on the album. Sure it's katchy, but I'm not so sure that this is the right choice, I personally woulda gone for the album's stand-out kut, the breath-takingly brilliant 'Screaming For A Love Bite' (now I've sussed out why Ozzy gets a namecheck on the back sleeve) which kums komplete wiv one of the katchiest riffs I've heard in years. Hoffman and Fischer have very cleverly taken AC/DC and krossed it over to Van Halen, while Udo sings the song as if he was actually in pain, screaming out the words *'It hurt for the very first time'*. All brilliant stuff and easily the best song Accept have written since 'Fast As A Shark'.

UDO: get ready to dangle that truncheon . . .

Other high points include the utterly ridiculous 'Dogs On Leads', which is so stupid it's brilliant (well the title sez it all, dunnit?). And the stand-out kut on *Side Two* has gotta be 'Living For Tonite'. When I played this one to Doc Doom he had the cheek/nerve to kall it "A Skorpions rip-off" – well, I have to disagree wiv you there, Malky me ol'china, cos these boyzz have twice the energy of the Skorps, and as we all know Accept roast the Skorps onstage. I suggest you nip down to the Hammy Odeon on March 15 and check out what will probably be THE Metal show of '85.

XAVIER RUSSELL

KONTINUES OVER

FROM PAGE 9

BELFEGORE
'Belfegore'
(Elektra 960 378-1)

OH YES, very Germanic, very Bauhausian.

Belfegore are a three piece bunch of weirdos whose specific influences displayed over this nine track debut album look to run to a heavy dose of Bauhaus with the occasional touch of the Killing Jokes, all looped around the kind of arcania that HP Lovecraft revelled in at the beginning of the century – we're talking weird, we're talking doomy and we're talking atmospheric.

This is not a Sunday afternoon out for a picnic album; no, this is the kind of stuff that wouldn't go amiss as a soundtrack to something like the stunning *'Eraserhead'* (recently screened on TV). If you liked that movie, or indeed movies of that peculiar ilk, then this could well be just up your street.

'Questions', 'Wake Up The Sirens', 'Seabird Seamoan' and 'Into The Dungeon' each rely heavily on the atmospherics created by grating strings that swoop, plunder and roll. Slightly behind them comes a wall of rhythm that marches inexorably on – it's gripping stuff and if on occason it fails it's usually because of the vocals of lead guitarist Meikel Clauss that somehow, as yet, lack the doom-laden commanding presence of a Peter Murphy. Nevertheless they are effective for the most part, used as an additional instrument such as on the brilliant side two opener, the aforementioned 'Seabird Seamoan'.

Certainly a lot of this appears all very arty and those not anxious to experiment with their musical appreciation might be best advised to steer clear, because with all sorts of electronic wizardry going on through much of this album it's not exactly aimed at the 'safe' listener – take one listen to 'Comic With Rats Now' on the second side (again, don't go much on the vocal, but the rest is quite staggering!) and you'll get the picture.

So be warned, this is not an album for the weak-kneed! Its major fault is its lack of sufficiently memorable material but then there's quite enough going on in the grooves to convince that Belfegore are worth keeping an eye on because they've definitely got the right idea even if their execution isn't together yet. An album to be listened to from behind the sofa.

DAVE DICKSON

RAVEN
'Stay Hard'
(Atlantic 7 81241 – 1)

IT'S A GOOD feeling when you come of age. Just think of all the debauchery you can indulge in – and yer Mam and Dad can go whistle in the wind for all you care! There's booze, birds/blokes according to your predilection, staying up until one o'clock in the morning eating biscuits . . . and making better records! Just ask Raven about that one!

'Live At The Inferno' put an end to the first chapter in the Raven saga, the end of a learning period, an era of growth. With a brand noo major company to lean on for financial strength, Raven have proved with 'Stay Hard' that, yes, they *have* come very much of age.

As the album title so obviously suggests, there's no question of Newcastle's best loved trio turning anything like soft. Not on your Nellie (the Elephant), Albert! Nah, it's just a case of Raven maturing as musicians and songwriters. Gone are the days of total thrash, where the band's potential was sometimes obscured by a naive enthusiasm and a love for the higher ends of the noise-ometer. What we find on our hands right now is a particularly impressive display of Heavy Metal that knows exactly where it's going and, more importantly, exactly how it's getting there!

Never before has Mark Gallagher been more impressive in totalling those speakers with maximum impact from minimum effort! It's very much a clean cut rather than a jagged serration, as you'll discover the minute the title track steamhammers into life. Based on the kind of incisive riff that many a band can only dream of, 'Stay Hard' is top marks rock 'n' roll – dirty, subversive, yet skilful.

RAVEN'S John Gallagher: harder . . . faster!

Now of course there's plenty of nerdish material on offer. *'I'm a restless child, running wild'* over a standard boogie blast ain't breaking any new ground, but hell, we all feel nerdish from time to time! And when we're not . . .?

Well, there's plenty going on above crotch level too! 'On And On', the first US single, is melodic anthem material of the highest order, while 'Pray For The Sun' displays surprisingly mature and adept control of a difficult piece. 'The Power And The Glory', too, belies its *clichéd* title by offering thought-provoking lyrical content, impressively delivered by the acrobatic voice of bassist John Gallagher. And possibly the greatest shock is meted out in album closer and instrumental 'The Bottom Line', where Mark, John and nutto drummer Wacko go for some free-form hell raising while battling it out with an incisive horn section. Next James Bond film theme music, anyone?

Yeah, coming of age can be a fair and wondrous thing, and hopefully 'Stay Hard' will enable Raven to capitalise on their current Stateside popularity and push themselves right up into the upper musical echelons.

HOWARD JOHNSON

LOUDNESS' Minoru Niihara: 'steel wool wailing'

Loud 'n' Proud!

LOUDNESS
'Thunder In The East'
(Music For Nations MFN 38)

I USED to laugh from the upper deck at the mere thought of Jap rock. It seemed essentially incongruous that a Western musical culture could be successfully transplanted inside the mind and minute bodies of 'Yellow Perils'. Previous releases from such acts as Earthshaker, Bow Wow and (yes) Loudness filled my hubcaps with intense mirth as a multitude of earnest Oriental inscrutables urged the world to 'crap their hands'. Quite honestly, I found the prospect of a burgeoning hard rock 'n' roll (or maybe that should be 'lock 'n' lorr') movement as predicted and described by Hojo in issue 66 rather difficult to accept.

But, the strangest of mutations has occurred – Roudness have emerged as a serious rock band with considerable clout on cloud nine. Having recently signed a North American record deal with Atlantic, the band seem to have grown several inches in stature, giving 'Thunder In The East' real quality. Produced by Max Norman (never previously one of my fave mixing desk barons), the kamikaze kannon fodder have suddenly begun to believe in what they're doing, rather than merely mimicking the major names of US/UK rock 'n' roll.

Now, I've never doubted the technical proficiency of (particularly) guitarist Akira Takasaki and drummer Munetaka Higuchi, but somehow on other vinyl outings there was precious little sign of genuine songwriting ability. They've now begun to explore this more devious and difficult aspect of the business and if 'Thunder . . .' is an example of the rate at which these Tokyo tornados are progressing then we've a Far Eastern star flung high into the burning firmanent.

Inevitably, there are still hunky flash rockin' signals of 'influence'. 'Crazy Nights' (the opening track and possible first single in the US) could well be an outtake from Accept's pre-'Balls To The Wall' catalogue. It has the same driving swing and metronomic pneumatics, whilst vocalist Minoru Niihara, aside from having a similarly silly monicker to Udo Dirkschneider, also possesses a remarkable propensity for the German's steel wool wailing. As the LP winds down the spiral path, Loudness never really escape the Accept sphere, but they're not mere clones either.

The stuffing that packs 'Heavy Chain', 'We Could Be Together', 'Clockwork Toy' and 'Lines Are Down' is lean, mean and severe. It seems as if the band have developed under the aegis of Norman to the point where they have realised what individuality is all about, yet due to either inexperience or the need to gain quick commercial returns, still retain an awareness of the supposed need to sound like a currently popular act; hence the soft-option Accept approach.

'Thunder In The East' won't be the multi-platinum eyeliner on the face of Japanese rock, at least not in the international arena. However, it will establish the Nips as genuine contenders. Moreover, there's no doubting that with this release Loudness will lay the foundations for a major push on all fronts.

So the next time someone asks you how on earth one can take a guitar hero called Akira Takasaki seriously, just point them in the direction of the thunder and let their blood run red.

MALCOLM DOME

WITCHFYNDE
'Lords Of Sin'/'Anthems'
(Mausoleum LORD 835354)

THE MENTALITY of some HM bands amazes me. What is it that compels these people to pretend they're into all this devil-worshipping nonsense? *'It is no secret that guitarist Montalo does more than dabble in the occult and that both he and the band draw upon these sources for guidance . . .'* reads the press release. Leave it out, these geezers were milkmen a few years ago. Just what goes on in their tiny minds?

The music? Well, needless to say it's about as interesting as *'The South Bank Show'*, as exciting as Steve Davis on downers and as original as Shakin' Stevens. It's an HM abortion and I'd be surprised if anyone bought it.

Incredibly, it's a double LP with the first record a studio recording (including some mind-boggling crap like 'The Lords Of Sin', 'Stab In The Back', 'Blue Devils' and 'Walls Of Death') and the second a mini-live album entitled 'Anthems', recorded in Europe last year. This (and it sounds as though the band must've played in public khazis) is compiled of 'Clock And Dagger' (the title track of their 1983 elpee), 'I'd Rather Go Wild' (the single from that album), 'Moon Magic' and 'Give 'Em Hell' (the title track from their totally forgettable 1980 debut).

What more can I say? Except that with bands like Witchfynde (and Venom, Metallica, Thor, Manowar, Wrathchild . . . need I go on?) springing up all over the shop, it's no wonder the once proud Heavy Metal is becoming more of a bad joke with every nauseating *cliché*.

MARK PUTTERFORD

WITCHFYNDE: beware devil-worshipping milkmen!

ANGEL CITY
(Two Minute Warning)
(MCA 5509 import)

1980, I THINK it was – the old brain cells have taken a severe thrashing since those days, but do *you* remember Angel City? Huge in Australia, they'd looked around and discovered a world that had never heard of them, and decided to do something about it. They were called the Angels back home but Punky, Gregg and Co still held sway in America back then, so they decided to adopt the rather more interesting Angel City monicker.

They came and they were seen, but failed to conquer. Only through lack of sufficient exposure though, for their album (a compilation of three records previously available in Australia) only hinted at the hard driving fun-packed powerhouse the band were on stage, fronted by their colossal and commanding vocalist Doc Neeson. Whilst Helix are Heavy Metal, Angel City are rock and roll, but there the dissimilarities end, for the impossibility of failing to enjoy either band on stage is the same.

Subsequent to their visit Angel City seemed to fade away, even the albums seeming to lose their vigour, but 'Two Minute Warning' finds them back on the right tracks with a new label (MCA) and a new producer (Ashley Howe) and happily it's all systems go once again.

Party time on record is a difficult beast to snare but the album makes a pretty valiant attempt. And coupled with a generous flick of the wrist around the volume control you've got a briskly paced album of speeding music. We're not talking open-topped sports cars on sunny days here, we're talking Mad Max on a motorbike sneering into the wind, and the last laugh's on Angel City's faces.

Great tracks? None of them, and all of them (well, all but one); rock and roll doesn't leave a lot of room for sophistication and artistry but the boys clearly have plenty of active grey matter judging by the strokes they pull in keeping *their* rock and roll interesting. The dog in the pack is 'Be With You', a ballad that indeed tries to be interesting and different but ends up vaguely C&W and horrendously disposable; but elsewhere it's energy and edge all the way. The rhythm section of drummer Brent Eccles and new bassist Jim Hilbun fire up at the drop of a hat with the Brewster brothers Rick (lead) and John (rhythm) ripping and roaring like men possessed, whilst the incomparable Doc Neeson sneers and storms.

At times they're a little like the Stones on monkey glands (try 'Sticky Little Bitch' for size) but mostly they're like Angel City, bringing a little colour and life to the largely predictable world of rock and roll Metal. They're not HM, they're not HR, but maybe they *are* a little like fellow Antipodeans AC/DC *not* playing HM.

Confused? You won't be, just buy the album, drink yourself silly and play it LOUD!

PAUL SUTER

KONTINUES PAGE 12

FROM PAGE II

METAL CHURCH
'Metal Church'
(Ground Zero Records GZ002 import)

AS SOON as I saw the official merchandise insert sheet that comes with this wonderful album I knew I was on to a winner. Yeah, y'see I've already sent off for my Metal Church *souvenir neck brace!* I kid you not, such an item *is* available! Well, wouldn't you wear one if an album made you headbang? And this one had that effect on me.

Metal Church, yet another band to hail from Seattle, Washington, play some of the meanest Metal I've heard in ages. No, they ain't a Frash band; they're more along the lines of Mercyful Fate wiv a touch of Metallica thrown in for good measure.

Hard to believe, then, that axe hero Kirk Vanderhoof was once in a Kalifornian punk band kalled the Lewd. His riffs on this album are top notch and very catchy, especially on the title kut 'Metal Church', which contains a mayhemik symphony of layered riffs that just build and build. Front man David Wayne has a great vocal range; he's equally adept at singing quietly or really belting his lines out, as on kuts like '(My Favourite) Nightmare'.

The real surprise is saved until the very end: an absolutely hilarious version of the Deep Purple klassik 'Highway Star'. You just gotta hear it, I was curled up in hysteriks. The funny thing is, though, it has a lot more balls than the original.

Yeah, if you likes yer Metal klassy, then pick up on this Metal Church mob. There's even a quote on the album cover from an Atlantic Records A&R man that says: "It's too heavy for us!" That says it all really; buy this album, you won't be disappointed.

The European release of this fine opus is available on the Steam Hammer label, and contains an extra kut in the form of 'Big Guns'. XAVIER RUSSELL

METAL CHURCH: pew – what a scorcher!

HELLANBACH
'The Big H'
(Neat Records NEAT 1019)

IF THE fuse was lit by Hellanbach's engagingly impudent debut 'Now Hear This', which totally ripped off Van Halen an' yet did it *so well*, then the ensuing 18 months or so of strange inactivity hasn't helped to kindle the flame that I predicted in *Donuss* (anag.) could burn so brightly for the Geordie quartet.

Needless to say, then, the 'The Big H' had a hefty weight to carry on its vinyl shoulders, like all follow-ups to highly rated debuts. I hoped it'd be a step forward for the band, making up for lost time in no uncertain manner, because in order to re-ignite that fuse, it *had* to top its predecessor.

Unfortunately, I don't think it has. Now don't get me wrong and assume this is a write-off, 'cos 'H' is a smouldering slab of brash, arrogant Metal which backs my humble opinion that Hellanbach are one of the best *new* HM bands in the UK today. But realistically, 'The Big H' is just more of the same from them and I've a nasty feeling that in the long run that isn't going to be enough on its own.

From beneath the sleeve's army-style camouflage, the album is based loosely around a war concept (including dedications to Sly Stallone, John Wayne, Robert De Niro and Al Pacino), pounding off to a pugnacious start with 'Beaten To The Bone', which swiftly picks up the thread left by the first album.

Next up are a coupla real goodies in the shapes of 'The Main Man' and 'Little Darlin'', both of which benefit enormously from lighter, hooky choruses – an aspect Hellanbach might do well to pursue if they're to attract the eye'n'wallet of a major record company. And then 'Bandits Run' rifles in on Dave Patton's fresh'n'flighty lead, firing in all directions as it effectively closes *Side One.* (To me, 'SPGC' is all-too-ordinary Metal thrash and an unnecessary inclusion here.)

Side Two sees the Hallanbach treatment liberally dished-out to one of Elton's most memorable moments, 'Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting', a simple but extremely attractive rocker called 'Panic State O', a light-hearted rockabilly tribute to the Stray Cats ('Daddy Dig Those Cats') where singer Jimmy Brash cleverly builds the lyrics around a number of Cats song titles, and lastly a coupla fillers ('When All Is Said An' Done' and 'Urban Paranoia'), which waste the space Hellanbach could've utilised more adventurously.

So what have we got? Another unmistakably VH influenced album of artfully 'slung together' rock, heavily featuring the exciting digital talents of guitarist Dave Patton (destined to join the likes of Viv Campbell, Jake E Lee *et al* in HM's higher echelons of six-string heroism, I'm sure), that any HM fan would do well to invest in. But I sense that this band can do better and feel that they'll have to sharpen a few edges and get out there an' *gig* if they're gonna make that giant leap from the unknown Geordie band to the international success they've so far only threatened to be. MARK PUTTERFORD

KONTINUES PAGE 14

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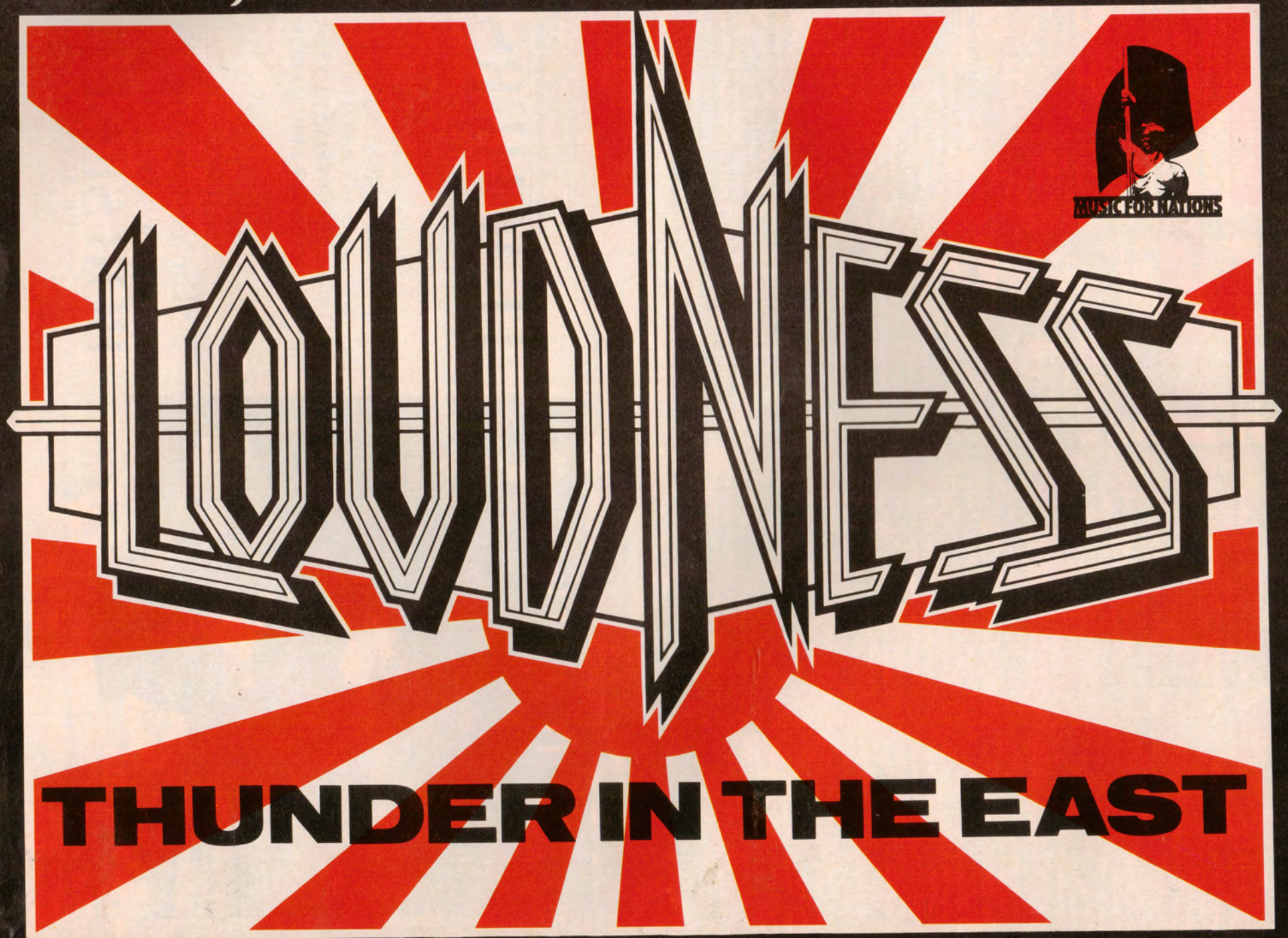


NEW ALBUM OUT NOW ON MUSIC FOR NATIONS

FROM PAGE 12

THE ALAN PARSONS PROJECT 'Vulture Culture' (Arista 206 577)

LOOK, I'M beginning to wonder if Alan Parsons actually *cares* about his music. No, I'm not trying to knock the man for his talents. In fact far from it, I'm one of the few persons (yeah, I do regard myself as an occasional human) in Britain who openly admits to being an APP apostle. His previous seven albums have moved the mystery man from technical hi-jinx on the Pink Floyd guide rope into the sphere of REO-style AOR.

But why doesn't he bother to promote his product and give his LPs the time and attention they so richly deserve? I'm perplexed. Could it be that he's merely interested in the money aspect (all APP records sell in droves across the USA) and is just content to bury himself in his engineeering/production work at Abbey Road Studios whilst others such as myself despairingly wave the knotted flag in the biting winds? I dunno, but I'd like an answer straight from the man's own throat. Because until he stands up with some pride for the music he's given to the world, then over here at least all APP releases are destined for a brief spot in the Top 75 before disappearing.

'Vulture Culture' is no different. This is simply classy music with tunes and balance along the beams. But what's the point of me extolling the virtues of such wonderful stuff if, at the end of day, Parsons just lets it slip away until the next time? Go and buy the LP if you're an *aficionado* of wonderfully adept, supremely smooth hooting AOR; this is defintely for you-hoo. However, the time has come for Parsons to show a more professional, across-the board attitude to his music and the people who buy it. There's a cut here called 'Let's Talk About Me'. OK, Alan, the ball is in your court. I'm prepared to meet you any time, any place, anywhere, to do just that!

MALCOLM DOME

JOHN PARR 'John Parr' (Atlantic 7 80180-1 import)

WHO IS *this* guy? And why is my heart going 'boombangabang'??

Well, let me tell you . . . I've no idea *who* John Parr is, but his debut album (at least I assume it's his first vinyl shot) is wonderful.

If you can get to grips with a man who takes the best from Meat Loaf (his rendition of 'Don't Leave Your Mark On Me' leaves Fat Oaf's recent *Arista* clobbering completely breathless at the orchestral starting gate), Foreigner (check out the startling melodies and Gramm-esque vocals which run through 'Love Grammar' and the slow burning 'Somebody Stole My Thunder') and Roxy Music ('Magical' – co-written by the mainman with Mr Marvin Loaf – is a second cousin to RM's 'Love Is The Drug'), then you will understand my fever over Parr.

Stand-out cut is the highly sexual gyration of John P.'s current US hit single, 'Naughty Naughty' – lovely girls in the video and smash for radio airplay.

There is no doubt in my mind that 'John Parr' represents a glowing addition to the AOR ranks.

MALCOLM DOME

SAMURAI 'Sacred Blade' (Ebony EBON 14)

'SPIRITED, ENERGETIC, powerful, brimming with nose-bustin' riffs, boil-lancing solos and walls of super-solid rhythm.'

So read the first few lines of notes I'd scrawled on Samurai's debut album, 'Sacred Blade'. But really, couldn't those notes refer to any one of a number of young Brit rock bands? Sure they could. And doesn't that bore you? Thought so.

Listen, I don't wanna take too much away from Samurai, who, for a young and inexperienced band, have put out a fairly commendable debut effort, but if they're to earn their fortune by bashing out the ol' kinda two-a-penny Metal, then they've gotta have something special *as well* (either visually or musically).

Tracks like 'Fires Of Hell', 'Attack', 'Spirit Woman' and so on, are all good, sterling Metal toons, proudly displaying every damn *cliché* in the 'HM Handbook'. And each band member turns in a workman like performance that's probably the result of years of hard work. But to succeed in rock'n'roll's rat race you have to have a little more, something *extra*.

Still, Samurai have time on their side and deserve all the encouragement they can get, judging by this enthusiastic offering.

MARK PUTTERFORD

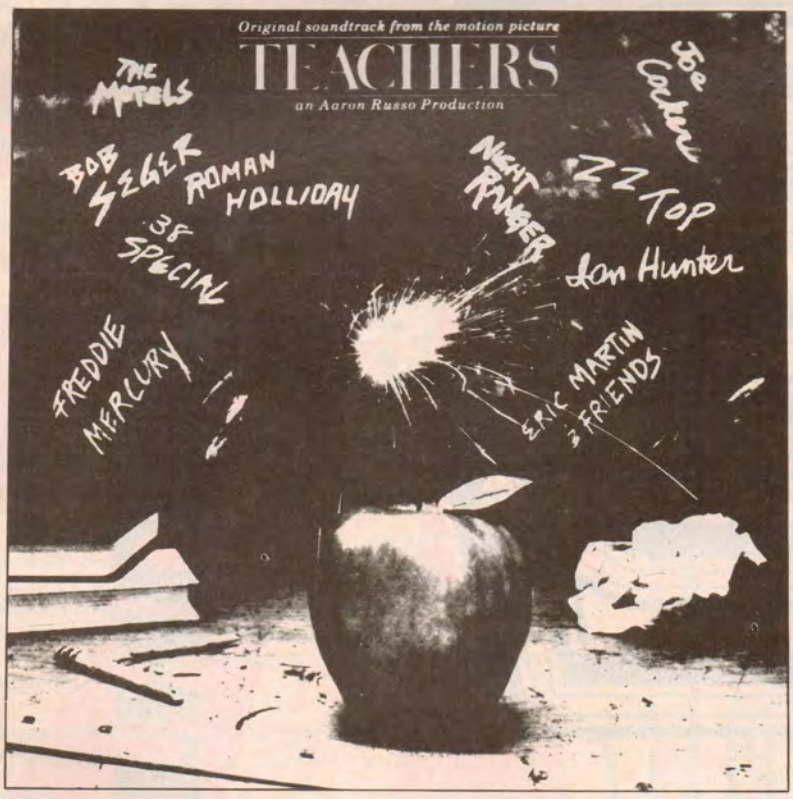
SARACEN 'Change Of Heart' (Neat Records NEAT 1016)

MY INITIAL impression of 'Change Of Heart' was pleasantly favourable. A very good album of songs, thought I. Yet after half-a-dozen spins, some toons began to fade on me, some really began to shine, and the album's complexion seemed to become slightly disjointed.

The frisky, synth-strung 'We Have Arrived', catchy though it is, isn't one of my faves and the up-tempo riffery of 'Meet Me At Midnight' and 'Jekyll & Hyde' proves a touch too predictable for me. Still, 'Love On Sight (Infatuation)' is a classy, American-sounding number, 'Julie' deserves to be a smash hit single (are you listening, Neat?) with a chorus catchier than a David Gower off-drive, and 'Bridge Of Tears' is a quite excellent inclusion, with a wafting jazzy feel that seduced me instantly.

If Saracen can 'take up the slack' as it were, then it should only be a matter of time before they fulfil the promise their talent suggests. Apart from the three I've mentioned, there's some very strong tracks here, particularly bassist Jason Gardner's emotional and poetic 'Seabird', and vocalist Steve Bettney has a fine voice (occasionally reminiscent of Paul Rodgers).

MARK PUTTERFORD



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RICK MEDLOCKE: "Prince is real 'street'!"

Pic Peter Cronin

SHORT SHARP SHOCK

DAVE DICKSON takes notes as BLACKFOOT's RICK MEDLOCKE komments on the latest batch of Kerrang!-able 45s

THIS TIME round we managed to drag no less a luminary than one Mr Rick Medlocke of Blackfoot away from teepee, tape-recorder and Telecaster long enough to cast an ear over the latest 45's.

The man had rushed into London ostensibly to do a bit of PR, but in reality it was just an excuse to take the delectable Jayne from Atlantic down to Kensington Market to buy a new pair of spurs (apparently they're cheaper over here in the Wild West End!) and catch up with the latest cricket scores!

First off, we downed some Krusher-supplied *'Jack Daniels'* (priorities, guys, priorities!) and then attended the *Kerrang!* hi-fi (or rather, low-fi!).

PRINCE & THE REVOLUTION 'Let's Go Crazy' (Warner Bros)

"You're really gonna do this to me, aren't you? Prince is incredibly huge right now in the States . . . I think he and Michael Jackson are vying for the title! But to me he's real 'street' and I've liked his music ever since he first came out. My favourite song on the album is 'Purple Rain', but as far as 'Let's Go Crazy' goes . . . it's a good song, I like it!"

THE ALARM 'Absolute Reality' (IRS)

(This one didn't make it to the end, confirming my long-held belief that the Alarm have yet to get it together in a studio the same way they can onstage . . . even Jayne grimaced.)

"Next! Ha! It's OK, it's got good drum sounds, but it's just not my bag o' beans! Would I buy it? No. The sounds are good, I just don't like the song."

JOHN FOGERTY 'The Old Man Down The Road' (Warner Bros)

"I was always a Creedence Clearwater fan and I think it's good to see John Fogerty back again doin' something he shoulda been doin' years back! This song in particular has got a lotta feel to it, GOOD feel to it, as a matter of fact! It's a good album, and I really do like this song.

"I saw quite an interesting interview with him and he said that one day he woke up and it was time for him to play again after 12 years away. And then somebody walks up to me and says, 'Hey man, you heard this new artist John Fogerty?!' And I went: F**king hell!! Where have you been?? And this guy was older than me!

"Ronnie Van Zant and I went to see Creedence Clearwater in concert one time and Fogerty knocked my doors off! He was just f**kin' incredible!! And now he's back, thank God."

WILDFIRE 'Jerusalem' (Mausoleum)

"Real interesting song . . . it's got a good drive to it, I like it. It's very interesting how they start it out and it sounds like a big productive thing, too."

(It kind of rocks out when it finally gets going.)

"Yeah, it does, that's one thing I like about it, ha! But I like the way it starts off really melodic and slow and all of a sudden it blasts you in the face and knocks your eyes out!

"Would I play it at home? If I wanted to disturb my neighbours, if I wanted to give them a good run for their f**kin' money if they were playing their television too loud!"

TINA TURNER 'I Can't Stand The Rain' (Capitol)

"She's just great! Her whole album's great! I'll tell you somethin' else, I've got a lot of respect for her . . . I followed her when it was her and Ike and I'm glad to see she's out on her own because I don't think she needed him, definitely! I'm really happy for her success and I hope she has more of it. The whole album I love, and this song in particular I really like. The production on the album is really good and that song fits right in . . . plus I'd like to sing a duet with her some time . . . so, if you're out there, Tina . . . gimme a call!!"

PLAY DEAD 'Sacrosanct' (Clay)

"Play Dead? Roll over! Ha! Interesting, but not my bag o' beans."

LOST LOVED ONES 'Raise The Flag' (Epic)

(This one never made to the final chord, either.)

"No love lost! All New Music bands start sounding alike after a while. Basically it's the same thing all the time, there's no originality – to them there is, maybe, but not to me."

BELFEGORE 'All That I Wanted' (Elektra)

"I give it an A-Plus for originality and sound. The song is good and I'd be interested to see them. You're right, it's *'Avant Garde'*, it's good!"

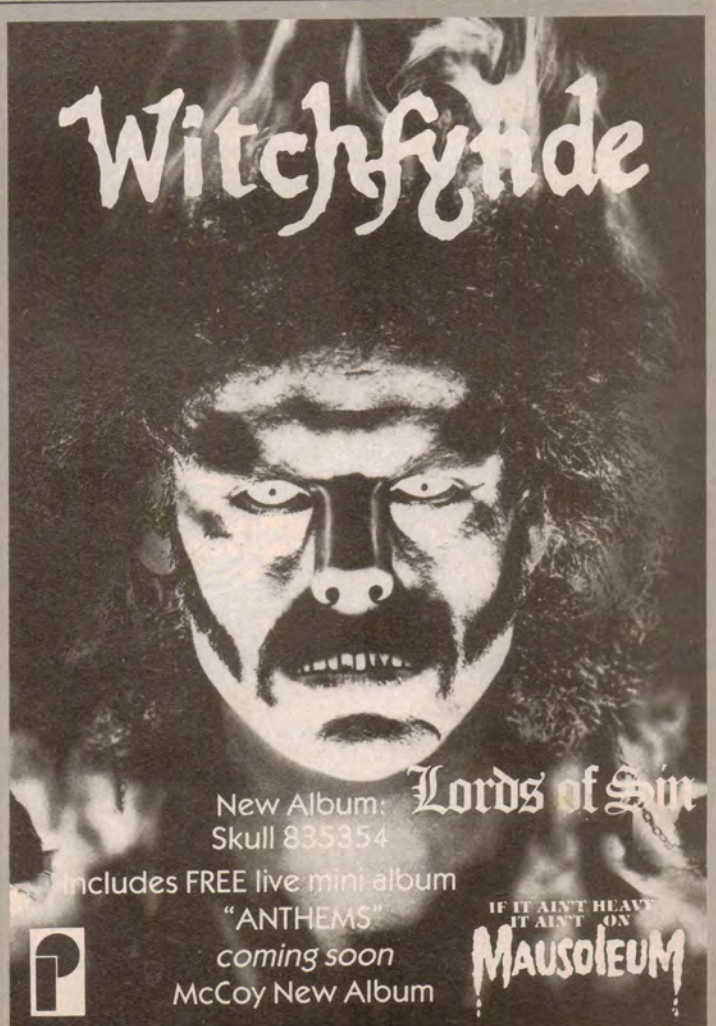
THE CARS 'Why Can't I Have You' (Elektra)

"Excellent! That's all I can say! I like the whole album, I bought it when it first came out, I like the production on it, I like the band, I like the songs, I like the sounds, I just think it's incredible!"

(Apart from that you don't like it.)

SISTERS OF MERCY 'No Time To Cry' (Mercyful Release/ WEA

"The Sisters Of Mercy, huh! Rewind! *(This one was on tape, folks!)* My comments on this song? No comment."



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FIVE GO MAD IN SEATTLE

XAVIER RUSSELL treads carefully and goes tyre-lessly in pursuit of Q-5

I DON'T WANT sound big-headed, but the gang at *Kerrang!* do seem to have acquired a knack of discovering new Metal talent before anyone else.

Let me see now, it was *Kerrang*'s very own A&R executive, Paul Suterstar, who first picked up on Queensrÿche and I was the hack responsible for unleashing frash merchants Metallica on to the world – and now I feel I've done the same for Seattle's new kings of 'Eavy Metal – Q-5.

Seattle wasn't on the original list of places to 'hang out and lig' during my recent Winter break. I felt far more at home ligging it up to the max with Journey in San Francisco. But then I got a surprise call to go to Seattle and interview Q-5 for the big *K!* Well, despite Mr Suter's ranting and raving about that fair city, I had my doubts about Seattle – it's too far North, or starters! However, this was an offer I couldn't turn down. So there I was minding my own business on a *United Airlines* (not a bad company by the way) flight, staring out of the window soaking up such spectacular views as Mount St. Helens covered in snow, when I got a tap on the shoulder from the businessman sitting next to me, who asked if this is my first trip to Seattle. When I told him that it was, he said:

"Well, Limey, the rainy season in Seattle starts on November 1 and ends on October 31!"

Oh dear, I'm really gonna dig this dump, I thought. As it turned out, I musta picked the *two* days when it didn't rain but, Jesus, it was 'taters in the mould' (cold). I did all the tourist-type things, like going up the space tower, but meeting up with Q-5 was a genuine highlight; what a down-to-earth bunch they turned out to be. No bulls**tters here, this band has learned to survive the *hard* way. How a rock outfit could survive not only these arctic conditions but also rise above the drawback of having no club circuit to speak of is beyond me. So, inevitably, my first question had to be: how does a band like Q-5 get a gig in a dump like Seattle?

Lead vocalist Jonathan K picks up the story.

"It's a crying shame because the Heavy Metal scene in Seattle is huge, but unfortunately there's no place to play; underground bands like ourselves have to rent halls. That's about the *only* way you can play up here any more. The clubs in Seattle and the surrounding area do not accept original music at all. They'll let you play a couple of your own songs and that's it. So you have to do cover versions and they'd better be lightweight or you're leaving town at sun-up. The clubs will accept original music only if it's new wave."

So how did Queensrÿche slip through the net?

JK: "They were lucky, I guess, those guys managed to sneak onto a bill and play live; they also had that EP, 'Queen Of The Reich', out which sold real well in Seattle. Queensrÿche started out the same way as we did as a studio project, but they're a year ahead of us."

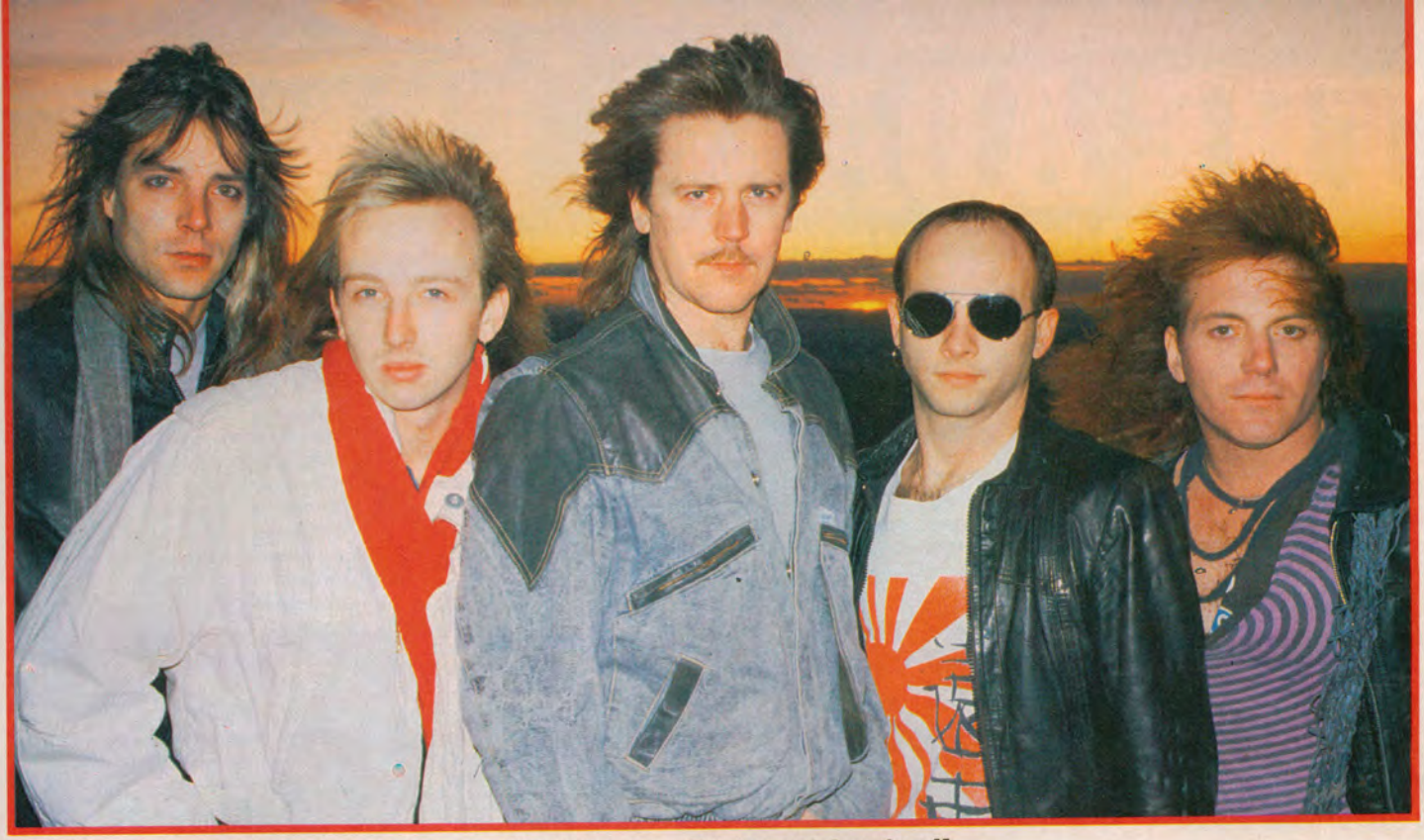
I understand there's a lot of in-fighting between the bands here in Seattle?

JK: "Well, let me put it this way, we get on well with Queensrÿche and Rail, in fact I used to sing for the latter, but it stops there. You're right, in Seattle there is a lot of in-fighting between the Metal bands. It's almost instigated by Metal *fans* to keep things exciting and, personally, I find it disgusting, yet it's been going on for years. The Band Aid style of project could never be done here because you couldn't get enough musicians together to do it! Everybody'd be punching each other out. That's the way it is around here and it's really kind of sad."

This would explain why Brad Sinsel (lead vocalist with another Seattle act TKO) is wearing boxing gloves on the cover of that band's recent opus, 'In Your Face'. I understand that Brad really slagged Q-5 off in a recent local magazine interview . . .

Rick Pierce (guitar): "Yeah, it was kinda dumb of Brad to do that – maybe he couldn't handle the fact that we finished 12th in the *Kerrang!* Kritics' albums of the year poll (issue 84), whilst TKO's album was nowhere to be seen. The silly thing is myself, Evan Sheeley (bass) and Gary Thompson (drums) used to be in TKO, yet whilst we were still with them the Q-5 project was coming together. So, we looked at the directions the two bands were taking and it became obvious to us that TKO was probably in the wrong organisation focus at that time. It wasn't so much the musical direction, more Brad's attitude".

Evan Sheeley: "Yeah, there



Q-5 (from left): Rick Pierce, Gary Thompson, Floyd Rose, Evan Sheeley and Jonathan K

were a lot of personal conflicts within TKO which were not making it work . . . artistic differences (much laughter). You see, you probably don't know this, but myself, original guitarist Adam Brenner, Rick Pierce and Gary Thompson recorded our album 'Steel The Light' about two-and-a-half to three years ago and looking back on it, the way that whole album was put together was wrong. We rushed the album and didn't look at it right. So, consequently, it sounded terrible. But what appealed to me personally about Q-5 was that for once I was in a band where everybody seemed to be looking in *one* direction. We now have a good song-writing team in Floyd Rose (guitar) and Jonathan K, with myself and Rick Pierce also contributing on a couple of kuts. Local radion station *KZOK* have been a great help to us; and they even did a 'live' broadcast of one of our shows."

HOW DID you come up with the monicker Q-5; does it stand for Quintet Five, as I suggested in my album review (issue 82)?

Floyd Rose: "Well, the truth of the matter is that it doesn't *mean* anything; it just came to me one day and had a kind of futuristic ring to it. One of the reasons why I thought it was a good name at the time was because it didn't mean anything in particular unlike, say, Twisted Sister. There's something that comes to mind with TS, whereas with Q-5, nothing comes to mind except what we make it."

Floyd, could you explain how your famous 'Floyd Rose tremelo system' works?

FR: "Well, basically, it is just a tremelo system that has clamps which nut into the bridge and keep the strings from moving when you're using the wang bar, so the spring can pull the guitar back *exactly* in tune. Basically, it just locks the strings back in tune. I hope that makes sense, just listen to the album and judge for yourself".

You've obviously done well with your temelo design, so do you really need to play in a band as well?

FR: "Well, you're right of course, but I still really get a charge out of playing live, especially with this band. Jonathan K has gotta have the finest voice in rock at the moment, and with Rick, Gary and Evan I feel that Q-5 is one of the tightest bands around at the moment. Everything we do is taken very seriously, right down to our stage design and costumes."

Yeah, I was gonna bring that up. I thought Evan's 'Michelin Man' *costume on the LP kover was well over-the-top. Are you serious about this space-age concept?*

FR: "Well, the Road Warrior look and image was obviously coming on strong at the time we were designing our stage costumes. So we wanted to see if it was possible to get just a little bit ahead of it because we know that there's going to be a certain amount of time lapse before this band starts happening."

ES: "I was hoping you wouldn't bring up the *Michelin Man*, because I'm a tyre salesman (mucho laughter all round) and I do use *Michelins* on my car. No, seriously, we sat round and looked at all the different bands which we liked and the ones we didn't. The five of us looked at their outfits, and the one thing we noticed straight away was the massive similarities between the emerging groups; it's too easy to stereotype a band by the way they look. If you see a picture of a band in a magazine you can pretty much say what style of music they play from the clothes there wear.

"All of us are into science fiction movies and stuff like that, so that's why we've moved in that kind of direction in the hope of showing a little more originality to our look; I think it's worked and we can always up-date our stage gear."

FR: "We don't want to get locked into a uniform like Kiss had – we just want to have a futuristic feel to it."

ES: "I think what we're basically trying to do is keep our own personal identities on stage, but still try and create an illusion. To some people, I might be the *Michelin Man*, to others I'm Mr E. So, some nights I'll change my costume a bit, on certain occasions I may wear that outfit and other nights I may not".

WHO ARE your musical influences, what sorta bands do you listen to?

FR: "Well, we have obvious influences. I think Deep Purple was a big factor when I first picked up a guitar, and that's going back a few years. Led Zeppelin of course, AC/DC is another . . . the list is endless. We've all played in bands round bars and concert halls for so many years you can't help but pick up things from other bands. We don't try to be 'in' towards any particular group and copy them, we just like to take the best parts from everybody, cos all bands are a conglomeration of past things done *their* way."

How do you survive when you've got nowhere to play, have you thought about moving down to Los Angeles for a spell?

FR: "Well, luckily we all have day jobs, but we do rehearse about four times a week, although not playing to a live audience for so long can make you a bite stale. The last time we played live was with Twisted Sister and Y&T way back in November and we went down real well. We certainly made it very hard for Y&T to follow us. We were supposed to do a headlining show with Rail on New Year's Eve, but that fell through when they got offered a bigger gig. As for moving down to LA, it's even worse down there . . . in fact there are even more bands trying to break down there and you also have to pay to get on the bill, so it's very difficult to get a gig these days. I hope the album takes off in Europe – we want to get over there real bad."

WELL, I HOPE Q-5 *do* make it to our shores this year, coz the live video they showed me was a killer; these boyzz kick serious ass live and I know Music For Nations are totally behind 'Steel The Light', which they are releasing over here on March 8 komplete with a new cover showing a tasty rocket ship whizzing through space.

If you like your rock hard, you'll like Q-5.

Now, wouldn't it be great to see 'em on the Donington bill this year?!

THE ADAMS FAMILY

BRYAN ADAMS (below) should be toting a six-gun, but instead he wields a six-string. Straight-shootin' DAVE DICKSON travels to the frozen tundra of Finland to catch the opening night of the man's European tour with TINA TURNER. Pix FIN COSTELLO

TINA TURNER moves like oil on water.

In some liquid fascination I become entranced, captivated by this vision. Her body shimmers and ripples, her thighs encircling her mike-stand, oozing an electric sexual charisma from every pore. . . I am enthralled, locked within this moment in time.

"I wanna tell you about some of the men in my life," breathes Tina. She pouts and throws back her head, relishing the tease. "I was lucky enough to do a duet with David Bowie," she continues, her audience rapt and awed, "and I was lucky enough to do a duet with Bryan Adams." The pause is delicious. "And since then they couldn't get us apart – uh-uh!!" She thrusts her groin forward in sync. "You know what I mean?" She smiles a wicked, wicked smile: "Bryan Adams!!"

"SHE'S A great lady," Adams' tone has something of the reverential about it. "She's such a concert professional it scares me! I've never met anybody like that, I've never met anybody who could be so *on* so quickly and so passionate about her work!"

BRYAN ADAMS walks out on to the Helsinki Ice Hall stage for the third time that evening, clutching a black *Charvell* guitar, to sing a duet with Tina Turner, 'It's Only Love', the song they tracked together for Adams' latest album, 'Reckless'.

"IF I had *known* I would be standing onstage last night in Helsinki singing with Tina Turner. . ." Adams' sentence trails off in the sheer wonderment of it all "I would never have imagined that!"

TINA TURNER is sheltered in a body-hugging black leotard, black leather culottes and a denim jacket. She and Bryan Adams belt out 'Reckless's finest track and the duet proves the highlight of the evening. Adams positively beams as he climbs down from the stage amidst tumultuous applause.

"THE THING about this song was that once I'd written it I though it was perfect for us." (Initially Adams, one of

the most 'happening' men in rock, was asked to contribute a song to Ms Turner's 'Private Dancer' album but was too involved in writing his own to comply but the idea evidently appealed..)

"I knew her producer, Carter, and asked him if she'd be interested in singing a song on the album with me. He said, yeah, he thought she would. 'Send us a copy of the song and we'll get back to you'. . . but I never heard back. And then she came through Vancouver with Lionel Ritchie. So I approached her and played the song for her. She loved it and we went in to cut it in an afternoon."

BRYAN ADAMS emerges from his dressing room and heads for his waiting tour bus to take him back to the Hotel Hesperia a few hundred yards from the Ice Hall. He pauses as he reaches me and grabs my hand.

"Double-bill of the year!" I smile.

"Double-bill of the *century*!" he corrects and escapes into the night. Bryan Adams is in no doubt about the sheer awesome power collected on this tour. It's almost frightening.

IT HASN'T altogether escaped my notice that at times the world can be less than a fair and just place. While Prick Wall gets to jet off to the other side of the world to taste the exotic splendours of the Brazilian night and lay on sun-kissed beaches alongside ivory-thighed maidens, I get to spend a night in Helsinki where the temperature hovers invitingly around −8°C and the hotel bar closes at a ridiculous 12.30 am. The goon on the door of the hotel's down-market night spot, the *Club Tropical*, refuses me entry unless I show my passport.

"How old do you think he is?" sighs an exasperated and incredulous Fin Costello.

The goon peers and assembles his thoughts: "15!"

In effect this is something of a compliment. I refuse to beat a retreat through the sub-zero temperatures to gain entry to such an inconsequential hovel just on principle. Bryan Adams is already tucked up in bed. This is the most dramatic off-stage event of the entire trip. Wall, I hate you. . .

"WOW, YOU'RE Fin Costello? I'm a great fan of your pictures, I'm really honoured that you're gonna take my photo!"

Despite his obvious delight that *Kerrang!* should dispatch one of the world's premier rock photographers – and Costello's subsequent embarrassment at the praise lavished on him – Bryan Adams does not like having his photo taken, even for a front cover. He is short and slight, a handsome man with a complexion the kindly would call 'rugged' and the less-so 'pock-marked'.

He speaks with the quiet assurance of a man who know his time is arriving rapidly, that not only is he extraordinarily successful but also extraordinarily talented and (doubtless becoming) extraordinarily wealthy. He carries himself with ease and confidence; even at the tender age of 25 he knows how to dispense small snippets of himself to keep the press happy and keep the real-self at bay.

"I don't think anybody can say, honestly, they really know me." Adams is prepared to give of himself as much as he thinks his public ought to know. "People want to know about what *ticks* but even reading something on paper isn't like knowing someone."

People, at least their character, develop as a result of their environment, their experience and, most importantly, their up-bringing. Bryan Adams is a wilful, strongly independent man who burns with an inner fire of ambition. He wants the world, it strikes me, and he will have it.

BRYAN ADAMS leads the peripatetic lifestyle of the old-fashioned rock'n'roller. In this his background, paradoxically, offered him the perfect training in its itinerant manner.

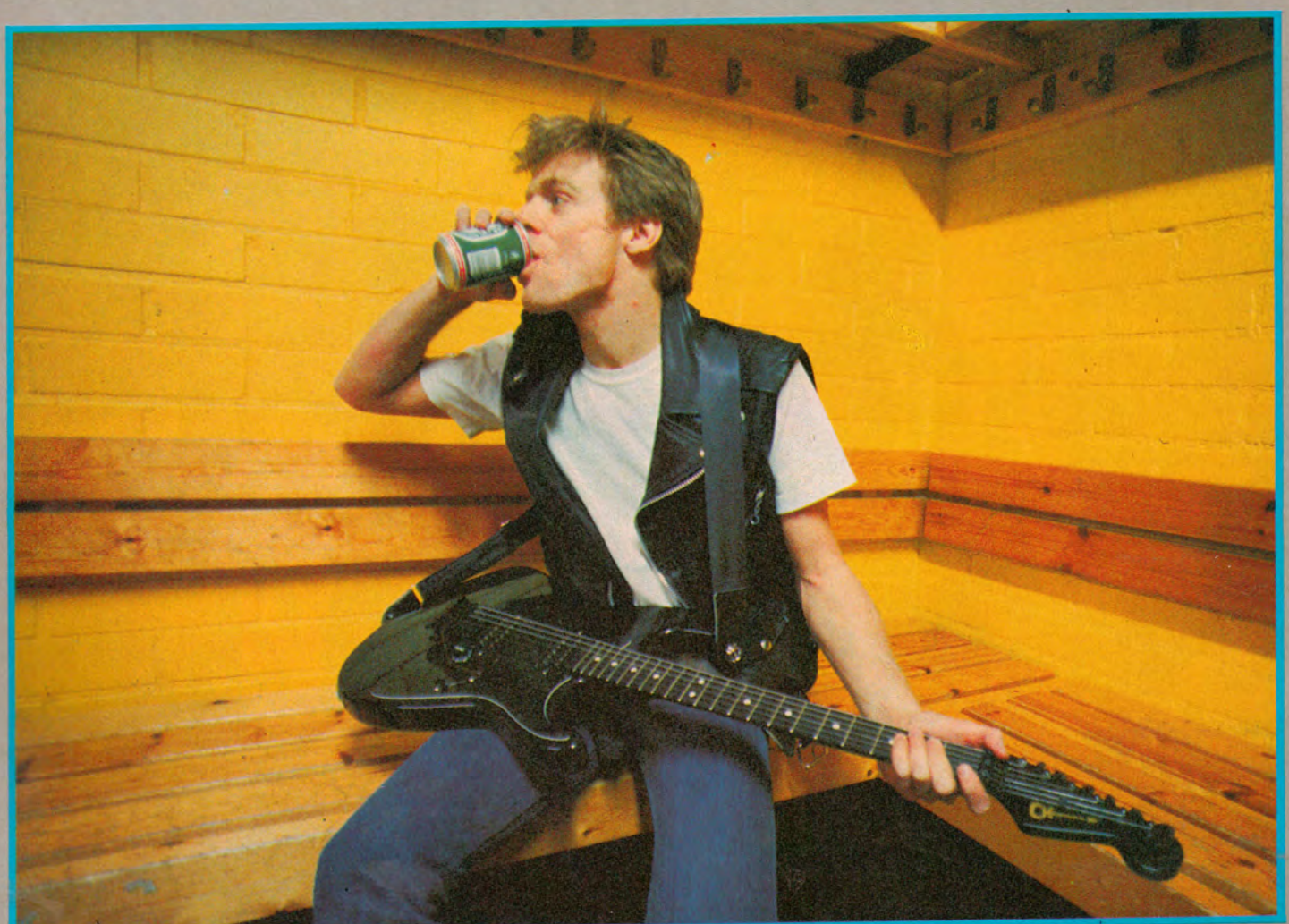
He was born on a military base in Ontario, Canada, to British parents and is in fact a British citizen. This was just one of a number of 'homes' he was to know as a child as his father, a major in the army, was stationed around Europe and North America. Bryan and his brother Bruce were brought up in a strict, "not a hair out of place" fashion and he was expected, naturally enough, to follow in the Adams family tradition and take up a career in the military. This was how it had aways been, for generations, even to the present day.

"My cousins, my father and my grandfather all went to Sandhurst."

But that line was to be broken irrevocably amidst much bitterness, friction and ultimate division between Adams and his father.

By the time he was 15, Adams had long rejected the idea of following in his father's footsteps and taken up the guitar. This outward rebellion and flaunting of all the ideals his

KONTINUES PAGE 21



BRYAN ADAMS: "I don't think anybody can say, honestly, they really know me"

ADAMS ONSTAGE: one of the most 'happening' men in rock

ADAMS OFFSTAGE: 'rugged'

ADAMS ONSTAGE in Helsinki with Tina Turner: double-bill of the century!

FROM PAGE 19

father stood for resulted in his parents splitting up.

"I'm the first generation of Adams that hasn't pursued a military career, the first one who hasn't graduated from military academy. . . so it's a bit of a family *faux-pas* you might say.

"My father was an opera freak and he's probably got one of the largest collections of opera records around and he's extremely knowledgeable on classical music." His son's taste tended toward something more contemporary though.

"I remember listening to (pop) records from a very early age. . . I bought 'Sergeant Pepper' in 1967. I can remember buying singles a lot more than LPs but then I got more serious about it and LPs got much more interesting to me: Simon & Garfunkel, 'Bridge Over Troubled Water'; Creedence Clearwater Revival 'Willy & The Poor-boys'.

"My father had the only stereo in the house so there was always a battle on as to who was going to get the player. I'd always try and get in there before he got home so I could get to listen to the records freely and loudly!"

This kind of action did nothing to endear the young Adams to his father; the retribution threatened was dire: "He tried to deter me in every way. At one point the whole family thing went full circle and he said, Alright, that's it, he's going to a boarding school! That's when the friction really became evil, it worked against us and we split up."

The discovery that music was "in him" became Adams' driving force enabling him to set and clarify his goals once the militaristic overtones were removed from his family. It also meant the remaining members of the Adams family were no longer supported by the British government.

"My family had gone from being well off in the government, once the split had happened, to basically nothing. We were virtually broke, my mum had to work at three jobs."

To finance his musical career Adams odd-jobbed after school: "I was a dish-washer, and I'd get 'day jobs' for like three or four days. I'd go down to Manpower and just apply for anything like pulling the plywood forms from construction concrete. I did that for a while; I delivered mail in an office." And eventually: "I earned enough money to buy myself a Fender Stratocaster." And from there on there was no looking back.

Essentially self-taught – "My great aunt was a pianist, my mother whistles" – his first formal musical education came at school where he fell under the influence of a Transcendental Meditation practitioner who taught *musique concrete*, a form of music developed in the late forties in Paris by Pierre Schaeffer in which required sounds are recorded and then manipulated, combined or distorted to achieve the desired effect. Adams was fascinated by the process and the teacher.

"I studied musique concrete for two years and learned how to use tape, how to edit and splice. Our teacher used to take us for these TM periods. In one class we'd just turn off the lights and sit in a room listening to a record – that'd be the whole class! But it was weird, the way he taught it was so interesting, so fun and you walked out having had such a good time. . . I enjoyed those classes, I spent hours with him. And I learned how to appreciate individual instruments, even a voice, but most of all I learned to appreciate each instrument in its natural environment."

BY THE time he was 16 Adams was wielding his Strat in a Vancouver club band called Shock. At one time he even auditioned to join his present bass player Dave Taylor's band: "He kicked me out." Guitarist Keith Scott, too, was present on the healthy Vancouver club circuit where the competition for gigs was fierce. But "travelling 900 miles to earn nothing" failed to exercise a lasting hold on Adams who had also tired of playing other people's material.

So, after a couple of years "I dropped out of the club scene completely and started to write songs. So I bought a piano, I had money saved up from a scholarship fund that my family had put away. The money came up and I had the opportunity to either take the money and put it into my education. . . or take the money and run." Just as well he had a pair of trainers on. The money was intended to pay for his university education, one of the things he now regrets having to sacrifice to further his career in music.

Adams went into hibernation in his basement learning how to play his latest acquisition.

"It drove my family out of their tree but I taught myself the rudiments, the chords and their structure, within a year. And in that year I'd written 'Straight From The Heart' and a bunch of other songs just toying with a piano. . . it was a good investment."

One February day in 1978 Adams runs across a girl called Ali in a local music store. She is a fellow musician and is accompanied by a man who professes to being a fan of Adams' voice. The man is introduced as Jim Vallance who had been writing songs and playing drums for a band called Prism under the pseudonym of Rodney Higgs. Vallance and Adams get together the next day over a cup of tea and write a song. A partnership is forged and they discover they have more in common than they first appreciated having recorded together on the same sessions, totally unawares.

"What happens normally is they bring the musicians in in the morning and the singers in the afternoon. So I'd say, 'Well, I did this work for so-and-so', and he goes, 'Oh, I played on that!' I'd say, 'You played the drums on that, you're kidding, I sang the backgrounds for that!' "

Adams and Vallance continue to work on sessions together from 1978 through to early 1980 when Adams quits. Shortly after they met Adams scores a record contract on the strength of some of his demos; the essence of the deal is that he hands over his demos to a publisher who then does with them what he will. "It was a sketchy deal," he admits now, "but it was a foot in the door."

Eventually he regained the artistic control over his output through A&M's publishing company. The actual record company wing failed to recognise the man's talents until they received some prodding from the American branch and signed Adams to a recording deal.

His first album came out in 1980, the second a year later. Both "went right in the toilet" but enabled Adams to develop as an artist and songwriter, paving the way for the floodgates to open with 1983's 'Cuts Like A Knife'.

1985 threatens to be Bryan Adams' year. Already he has notched up huge success on both sides of the Atlantic with 'Run To You' and the 'Reckless' album (now released here, at last) nestling in the *Billboard* Top Five. Even more encouraging is the fact that 'Reckless' is markedly and purposefully heavier than the rather overtly commercial 'Cuts. . .'

"Yeah!" Adams' enthusiasm for his latest waxing is boundless. "I'll tell you, though, that was a struggle because I really wanted to make a heavier record . . . but not 'heavy' as in *heavy*. I wanted it to be stronger lyrically and melodically and I think for that reason it comes off heavier."

BRYAN ADAMS is winging his way back from the frozen wastelands of Finland to record a *Top Of The Pops* show. Britain, slowly, slowly, slowly, is beginning to succumb to the irresistible force of Bryan Adams' music. The bill-coupling with Tina Turner is an inspired move and this tour should crack the country wide open for Adams.

"That'd really make it for me," he says as we slide into Heathrow Airport, "that'd really make me a happy guy. . ."

HARPER

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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO.....

JUGULA

REAL MEN... TRUE METAL!

"We are not a gay band . . . we are HM, pure Heavy Metal." ACCEPT's WOLF HOFFMANN meets his macho in a no-holds-barred encounter with LAURA CANYON

"THIS IS A .44 Magnum. The most powerful handgun in the world. It can blow a head clean off . . ."

The man is cool. Cooler than Blackie Lawless's bottomless behind in an Arctic snowstorm. Cooler than the space between Dennis de Young's ears on a cold Chicago morning. Cooler than cool.

". . . I know what you're thinking. Did he fire six shots or five? You know, in all the excitement I've clean forgotten myself. So what it comes down to is (dring dring) . . . *do you feel lucky?* (dring dring) *Well* (dring dring) . . ."

Eyes firmly, loyally on Clint, I pick up the phone. A voice pierces my ear, steady and steely-edged as Harry's revolver.

"Hello? Zis is Wolf Hoffmann. Wiz Accept. Ve have just finished a rehearsal. I am told I must call you."

". . . do you punk?"

BLAMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!

THE PERP'S brains splattered like boysenberry preserves over the green green grass of 'Frisco, I'm ready to take on any late-night caller, be it pervert, perp, parent, or even *Accept*, notoriously difficult (reference: Hojo and Dickson) with the press, and stare them in the eye down the long distance telephone wires.

Only what's this? They – at least Wolf Hoffmann – couldn't be less diffcult, more obliging. Wanna talk about German Judas Priests, new Scorpions, gays? Sure, no problem; not even a problem with the English. Other than 'sado-masochism' (which we all have trouble with sometimes!), the man's command of the lingo is nigh on perfect.

Would have been nice to shake the man by the band, only they're in 'the homeland' and I'm in London and they're not coming over here save for one date at the Hammersmith Odeon on March 15 (the only UK show) before taking off for a tour of the States where they'll most likely go down a well-deserved treat.

So we'll have to make do with the new album, called 'Metal Heart', produced by Dieter Dierks, and according to lead guitarist Wolf (second guitarist Jörg Fischer, bassist Peter Baltes, drummer Stefan Kaufmann plus vocalist and truncheon-wielder Udo Dirkschneider make up the rest of the powerful line-up) it's a vast improvement on anything they've done before, moving "more in the direction of 'Balls To The Wall', 'Love Child', 'Head Over Heels', those songs are more melody and rhythm-based than anything else; in former times we sometimes had more guitar/riff-based songs".

Hmm. A stab at the Scorpions' market maybe?

"I wouldn't say that. Dieter Dierks (who is also the Scorps' producer) didn't influence us with a Scorpions touch or anything. He did a perfect job for us. It is very different."

No ballads, then?

"No, we don't do any ballads at all. Just really hard rock songs, HM songs, or whatever you call it."

I read in Kerrang! *one of you saying you weren't happy just appealing to the hardcore HM audience, that you wanted grab the Journey crowd?*

"No, we never said that. Nobody ever said that we want to have the Journey crowd. No, not at all! We are nothing like that! We are HM, pure Heavy Metal. But we don't want to come into that category, like for instance Venom or Metallica or those HM bands."

Like simple, basic, Black Metal stuff?

"Yes, that's right. We've a different kind of lyric than the more HM bands."

They certainly weren't in their early days. Accept albums then had the usual hell-and-motorcycle stuff, but with 'Balls . . .' a new, more thought-out lyric peered out behind the goggles. Read the 'Balls' inner sleeve sometime. You'll be impressed.

"ABOUT TWO years ago we decided to change the whole lyric side. We never thought about it in the past really, we just did the normal stuff, and then we thought, 'Hey, that's s**t, let's try to do something else.' "

Difficult, what with English not being the native language?

"Sure we had difficulties, but we have a few friends who are working with us, we're having the ideas, and somehow after you've done it a few years you can think a few expressions here and there in English already; you don't have to translate everything you know.

"First the fans should listen to the music, that's the most important part. And then if they are interested they should read the lyrics, and we would be glad if they would recognise some of their problems in the lyrics. If they would say, 'I have felt the same way', that would be enough. We don't want it to have too much of a message thing. We just don't want to have bad or boring lyrics, that's all."

Talking about bad (and in one sense of the word, boring*), what's with the sado-masochism stuff?*

"S-massacre?"

No, S&M*, you know, sweaty leather and whips and the kind of men your mum warns your little brother about.*

" "Aha! I understand. That was a big misunderstanding. Most people thought we are a gay band, but we don't want to have anything to do with that. We wanted to look aggressive and interesting; that's all we wanted to do. Most people just saw the cover and they saw a song called 'Balls To The Wall' and another song called 'London Leather Boys' and that was it, they didn't read the lyrics at all, they just said this must be a gay band. That's absolutely bulls**t."

Did it lead you into any, uh, embarrassing situations?

"Ah only with a few interviewers or whoever. People who don't read our lyrics and in whom we are not interested anyway."

Are you interested in the violent side of Metal, what with Udo's outfit and the stick and everything?

"Yes, sure. But I wouldn't say violence, more like aggression, because our music is aggressive, and you have to have that otherwise it's boring. You have to have fun and all that, but there should be the loudness and a certain amount of aggression – in the good sense of the word." (Wolf says Udo's not waving his truncheon at the moment, "But he's using his uniform or whatever you want to call it. It's more or less the same.")

WHICH REMINDS me. Judas Priest. A name they've often had to grapple with. Wolf says he was "influenced very much" by Priest, AC/DC, Ritchie Blackmore, Purple, Slade, Alice Cooper, "the bands I listened to when I was a kid, like 10 or twelve years ago, they have influenced me without any doubt. But we never said that this band should be exactly like them. And we are very open-minded to any kind of music – we are listening to classical music, middle-of-the-road, pop music. We are not bound to anything."

And by way of proof we present two tracks on the new LP, *viz* 'Bound To Sail' and 'Metal Heart', first and last tracks, which are heavily classically influenced.

"The melody we use on 'Metal Heart' is a theme from Tchaikovsky and there's another one in the guitar solo which is from Beethoven – you'll probably recognise them when you hear it. We've always loved classical music – not always, but for the last four years or whatever I've been listening to a lot as have some of the others in the band. We always felt like using this approach. Because classical music is pure Heavy Metal, it was just played with different instruments in those days. But it was fantastic, those old masters. We copied it and used it in a different way. It's very interesting, to combine HM with what seems to be the biggest contrast in the world.

"We don't want to stick too much to any *clichés*. We always make experiments. Like there's another interesting song on the album, 'Teach Us To Survive', which is like a boogie number but very hard, very fast, also a very different style of music played with an acoustic bass and a totally diffferent guitar sound, plus a drum sound like 20 years ago, achieved with brushes instead of sticks."

It's got nothing to do with the bigger budget offered by the major label, he says (their first three LPs, available here only on import, were much rawer, less commercial).

"It's just our development. You want to improve yourself; and that is our direction we are going in. It has nothing to do with money or record companies or something like that. If you look from the first album to the last one we just made, there is a constant movement.

"We don't deny our roots – we are still HM, but 'MH' has the melodic and commercial songs, without being commercial in the bad sense of the word. Sure," he says of the dreaded Sell-Out, "many bands are doing it, but we won't do it. There's no danger of that. Not at all."

He reckons they've still kept the old hardcore HM crowd – "We didn't lose anybody" – but they've gained "thousands of new fans. There's enough for everybody."

The live shows are as hard and raw and raucous as ever.

"We are a live band. And this time we tried to put a little bit of the live show into the album. We recorded the album more or less live – that means everybody was playing together at the same time – you can hear that on the LP."

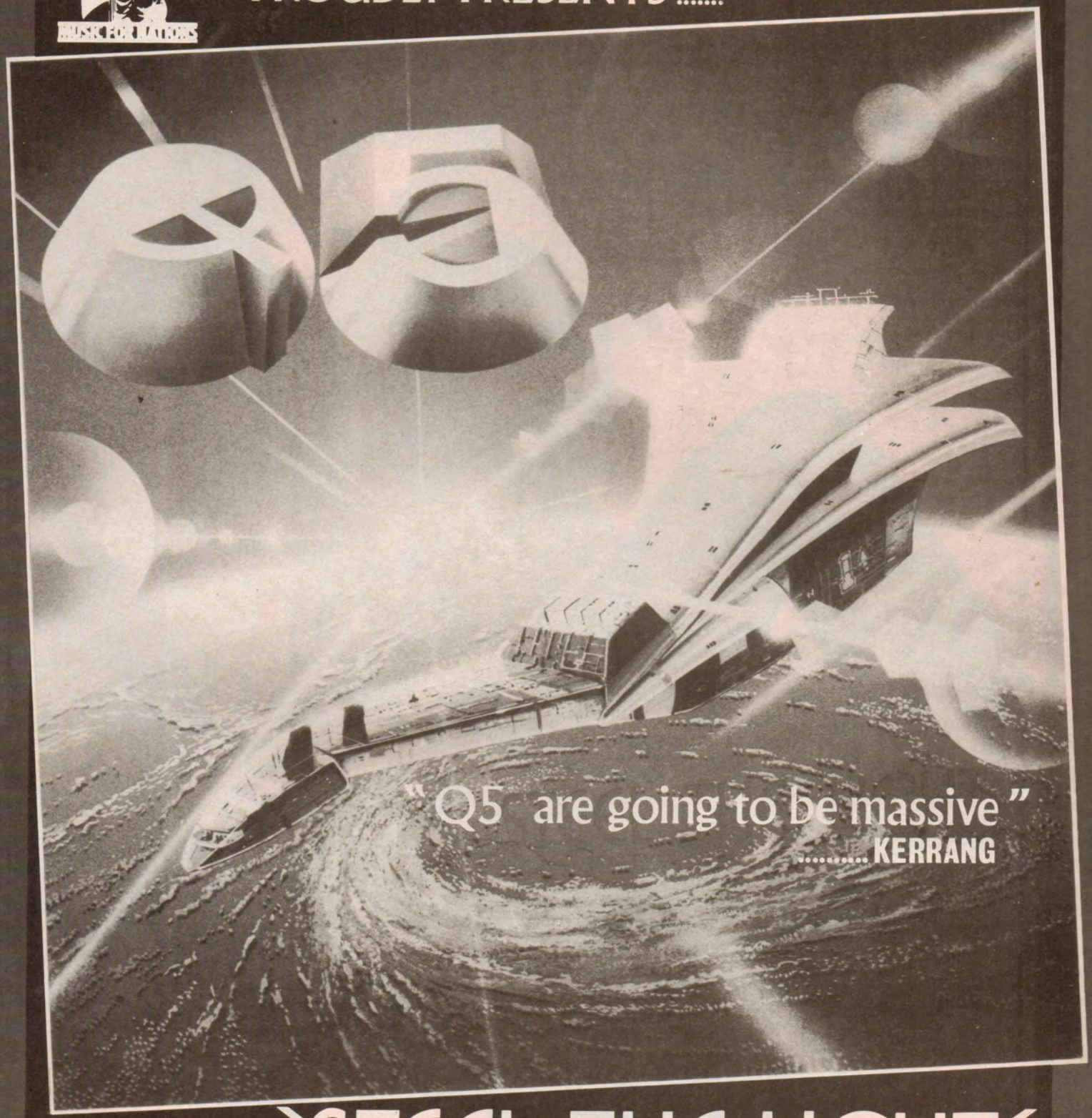
WOLF'S HAPPY, make that "more than happy", with the way things have been going for his band in the past couple of years. They've made "fast progress", he says, considering he was 17 when he joined the band, "and it was more or less an amateur type of school band or bar band or whatever you want to call it, and there was no experienced musicians in the band to tell us what to do, so we had all our first experiences together.

"We are a long term band," he says. "We are not an overnight sensation or nothing like that – everybody knows it. We don't want to have success for one year, one hour or nothing, we want to go step-by-step and improve with every album and have success as long as possible."

WOLF HOFFMANN: "Udo's not waving his truncheon about at the moment"

Pic Ray Palmer

MUSIC FOR NATIONS
PROUDLY PRESENTS .....



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NEW ALBUM RELEASED MARCH 8th
ON MUSIC FOR NATIONS

MFN 39

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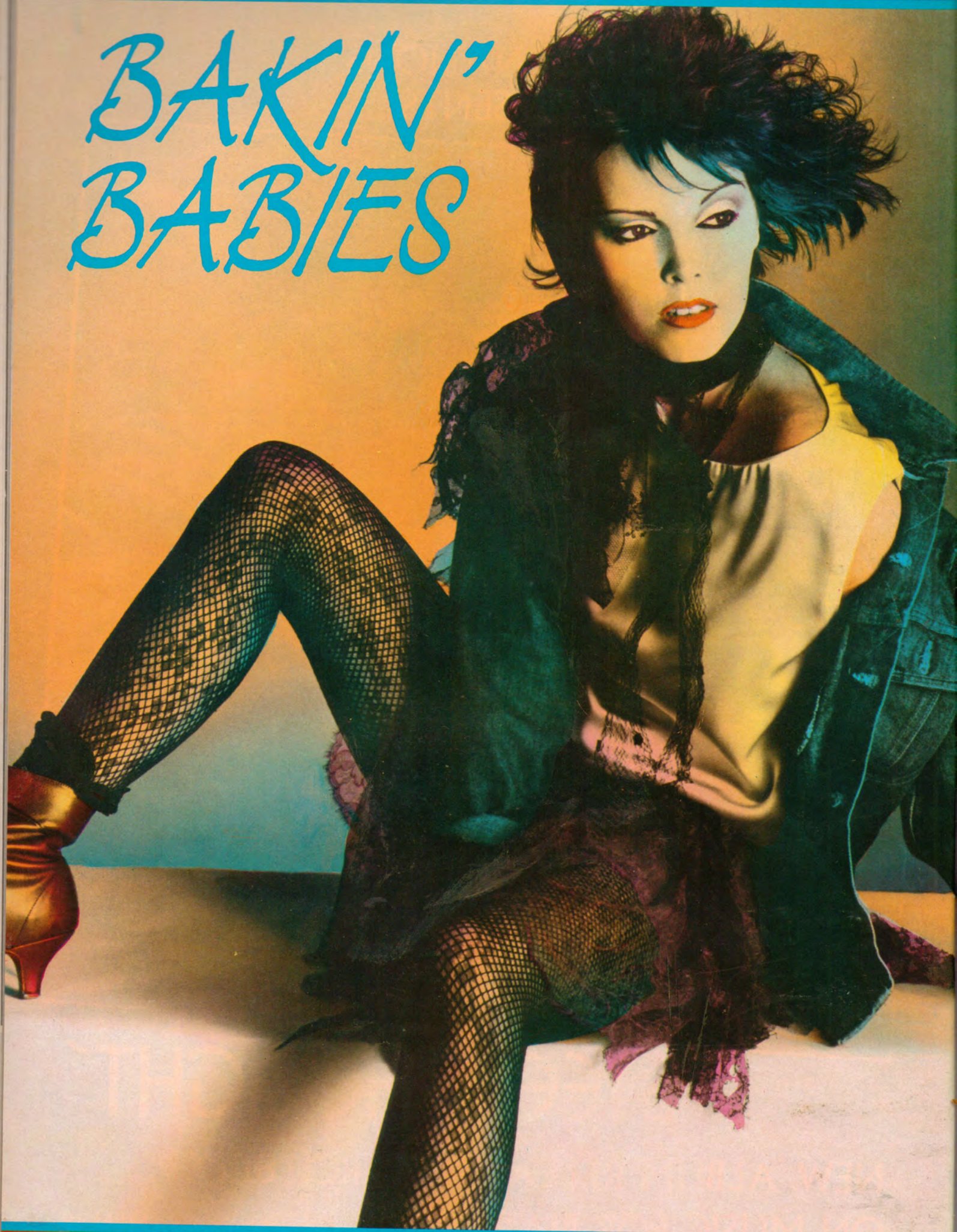


PAT BENATAR: *hand tinting by Helena Zakrewska-Rucinska*

PAT BENATAR gurgles, DAVE DICKSON coos . . . and Kerrang! sells its shares in 'Mothercare'

I USED TO think that babies were pink, puffy, ugly bags of flesh that smelled of milk and vomit and had the uncanny knack of bawling uncontrollably at the most inconvenient moments.

This is not an attitude I have entirely dispensed with, simply come to modify somewhat in the light of closer experience; my friend June had a baby last April, he is cute and quiet and his name is Charles; my friend Geoff and his wife Pam had a baby at the beginning of the year, her name is Rachel and she weighed in at just over nine pounds. I have yet to see her but the news brought an enormous and inane grin to my face. I'm quite into babies, really . . .

PAT BENATAR is about to have her first, she is eight-and-a-half months pregnant and by the time you read this she will be the proud possessor of a pink, puffy, ugly bag of flesh. She will doubtless be very much in love with it. I am grinning inanely down the telephone at her.

I don't remember much about being a baby but I do remember thinking as I waited for Ms Benatar to phone in from her home in Los Angeles that this can't have been what my mother had planned for me in those tender, tentative years. Earlier that evening I engaged in a lunatic chase from the Hammersmith Odeon to my telephone to make my rendezvous with Pat. Los Angeles is eight hours behind GMT, my watch says it's 1:30am – that's 5:30pm on the West Coast. This is clearly insane and no way for a rational human being to occupy his time. I mean, no-one conducts interviews over the phone at half-past-one in the morning!

Somehow I can't imagine Pat Benatar as being pregnant, it simply doesn't fit in with the svelte, soft-focus lines of her body the photos always show. I'm obviously going to have some difficulty coming to terms with this concept . . . just time to put the kettle on and go over the biog again before she phones . . .

"Hello? Hello? Is that Dave? Hi, this is Pat Benatar!" S**t, s**t, s**t.

"Ah, listen, just hang on a minute, I've just made myself a cup of tea." S**t, s**t, s**t, what a major embarrassment, where's the sodding milk??

"So tell me, Pat," assume an air of nochalance and wipe that ridiculous grin off your face, you're supposed to be a professional, "how *are* you?"

"Doin' fine, waiting it out now, couple more weeks to go." She sounds cheerful and, yes, decidedly *mumsy*.

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Oh, we don't know." (This woman has just reached her highest-ever placing in the UK charts and you want to know what sex it is?!).

"You haven't had one of those scans, then?"

"Yeah, but it was lying on its side so we couldn't see. The little s**t wants to keep it a surprise, I guess, ha!"

"Have you thought of any names yet?"

"No, ha, we're still fighting over this part, but eventually I hope so. We really don't have any so far; Neil's the problem, he wants it to have an unusual first name. It's so strange, though, like an alternative lifestyle altogether! It really turns your life upside-down, but the less you think about it . . ."

MS BENATAR seems genuinely excited about the imminent prospect of bearing a child and her enthusiasm is quite infectious. Soon she'll be adding her name to the list of rock'n'roll working mums like Chrissie Hynde and Suzi Quatro rather than following the lead of Patti Smith, who gave birth and vanished into a hazy cloud of domesticity. Come back, Patti!!

Listen, what I want to know is: Who the f**k is Coreene Decker? Clearly not a person brought up on *Farley's Rusks*, a nutritional deprivation that has led to a severe deficiency when it comes to the brain cell count. This person felt strangely moved to give the thumbs-down to La Benatar's last waxing, 'Tropico' (review, issue 81), when anyone with anything more animate between their ears than swamp scum can tell it's her most sophisticated and intelligent work to date, following hard on the heels of her quite brilliant rendition of 'Love Is A Battlefield' last year (which, incidentally, is about to get a re-release). Personally, Pat, I'm with you all the way even if some members of the public aren't prepared to grow with you.

"Yeah, the record buying public are slow to react sometimes, but they're gonna have to get used to it because I doubt if I'll ever go back to that same kind of thing again."

So there you have it, the sound of a maturing artist. Something else Ms Decker took umbrage over was the epic 'Love Is A Battlefield' video (even if it was by proxy) and its depiction of an assortment of 'loose' women. Ms Benatar seems non-plussed:

"I don't know, there are women who do that. What is she, like a blind person who doesn't realise there're women who do that for a living? I'm not condoning it, just reporting on the fact that it exists."

'Tropico' itself is an experiment in style, an experiment in production technique, a whole new way for the Pat Benatar band to approach an album, a necessary step to retain the interest and excitement within the group. And if it isn't uniformly successful (there's a couple of tracks on *Side Two* which are a shade weak) can you fault the girl for trying to adapt and develop?

Enough of this technical stuff, back to the Benatarette (or Geraldoette I suppose would be more correct terminology). How are you gong to tour with a nipper, Pat?

"Well, I can't stand not to tour, they just won't be long stints anymore. It'll just be a little different now."

"What, like an elongated picnic?"

"Ha! I don't think so! But maybe . . ."

"And what about this term, 'Housewife Rock'?"

"Well, if it's supposed to be derogatory it's pretty ignorant. I mean, what do they think Chrssie Hynde does? She takes care of Natalie, you know. You don't have to be a perpetual teenager to play rock'n'roll. You see, I couldn't see myself running around in those little black tights for the rest of my life. And you can't always be angry . . . I wasn't very angry, I'm more content."

AND THEREIN lies the secret! Pat Benatar is currently a quite contented woman; she has a family, a home on the quiet side of Hollywod away from the music-biz hub-bub and social-whirl and now she is moving in a musical direction with which she obviously feels considerably more comfortable. What's so wrong with that?

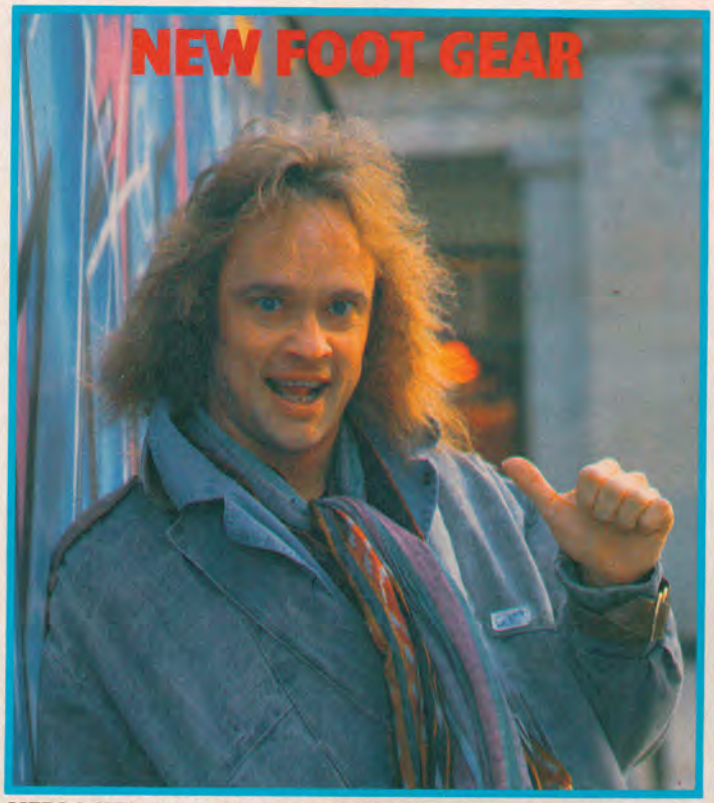
I suppose it all rather depends on your expectations of an artist; I never viewed Pat Benatar as a spokeswoman for tennage *angst* and I don't suppose *she* did either – so when 'Angry Young Pat' stops being 'Angry Young Pat' anymore I'm afraid I fail to see any semblance of betrayal. I see Pat Benatar as a woman who very successfully fought her way to the top performing an essentially aggressive, raunchy form of music, and now that she feels she's achieved everything she can usefully achieve within that field she wants to move on and try something else.

I think that says a lot for Pat Benatar as an artist, and the fact that 'We Belong' (great single!) and 'Tropico' are her most successful releases to date would appear to indicate that a lot of other people think so, too . . . which is rather heartening news all round.

All being well Pat Benatar will be over here in the summer, toddler in tow, for a short tour, although which instrument the new arrival will be taking up remains, as yet, a closely guarded secret.

ROCK U.S.A.

NEW FOOT GEAR



Pic Peter Cronin

MEDLOCKE: caught between a rock and a fking hard place**

★ I'M ON the *Rebel Yell*, **Blackfoot** guitarist/vocalist **Rick Medlocke** is koolly swiggin' at what's left of a glass of *Jack Daniels* – and the strange thing is the man hasn't even hit me yet!

Anyone who's kept up on the Blackfoot trail of late will, I'm sure, have realised that myself and the 'Foots haven't seen eye-to-eye since ex-**Heep** keyboardsman **Ken Hensley** joined the band. Blackfoot's last two 'Hensley-handed outings' – *viz* 'Siogo' and 'Vertical Yawns' – were disappointing affairs. But that said, Mr Medlocke (who was very briefly in London recently) does have good things to say about the band's last album.

"Well, to be honest with you I thought some of my best guitar playing was on that album. But for some mad reason our record company (*Atco*) removed the heaviest three kuts, namely 'Evil Money', 'Livin' In The City' (available on the B-side to the band's recent single 'Morning Dew') and 'Rock It Or Get Out'. These songs contained some killer lead guitar, but unfortunately there were personnel changes going on at *Atco* at the time, so we were caught between a rock a f**kin' hard place".

So, what brings you to ol' Blighty, Rick?

"Well, since we last spoke (see issue 79) there's been yet another line-up change in Blackfoot! Ken Hensley quit the band right in the middle of our last tour. The reason *he* gave for leaving the band was that he was tired of touring and had never been in a band that works as hard as Blackfoot! I thought that was a crock of s**t. Anyway, we had to look round real quick for a replacement and, luckily, **Bobby Barth** (formerly wiv masterful – although now defunct – pomp rockers **Axe**) was in Ann Arbor, Michigan – our base town – recording a solo album. I just casually asked if he'd like to join Blackfoot and he jumped at the idea. We rehearsed for three days, and on the fourth day we went back on road.

"Bobby has certainly turned Blackfoot back into a guitar band, he's playin' 80 per cent guitar and only 20 per cent keyboards. We hit it off perfectly right away."

There's also going to be change of location for the band, as Medlocke explains . . .

"When we were recently on the road with **Ratt**, I started talkin' about moving the band to England and setting up over there for a while. The reason is that we need to get out of America, moreover Bobby's always wanted to get over to England. Both **Jakson Spires** (drums) and **Gregg Walker** (bass) are itching to get over to Europe again. We hope to be doing a European tour in April and that will, of course, include some British dates. We'll then record our next album, probably in Spain because there's a good studio there."

And that pretty much brings us up to date on the 'Foot front. I only hope that Bobby Barth's arrival will put the boys back on the right track!

XAVIER RUSSELL

FIERCE PRIDE

★ WHATEVER HAPPENED to former **Uriah Heep/Rough Diamond** easy squeezer **David Byron**? I say that because, to be honest, the vocal viper was one of rock's Seventies giants. Yet where is the diamond dreamer in '85? Ah well, time stands still only in the poisoned pouches of innocents and those too dazed to seek the way of the shark-infested sunlight.

Yeah, I know, this has *nothing* to do with **Fierce Heart**, but go on, admit it, can you think of a better way to start this featurette than with a pertinent question about erstwhile heroic hippity ploppers? It sure beats the *'Fierce Heart are essentially a duo'* style of opening, *n'est-ce pas?*

Mind you, Fierce Heart *are* a duo – and one with a strange history. Consider, on the one hand there's this chappie called **Rex Carroll** who plays guitar, is classically trained, is based in Chicago and he's, well . . .

"I kept sending in demo tapes to **Jim Delehant** (A&R chief at *Mirage Records* in New York) in the hope that he could do something with me. In particular I'd heard that an English band on the label were looking for a guitarist. I hoped the tape would get me an audition."

Meantime, in Virginia, a manager going under the handle of **John Doumanian** was nurturing the career of session bassist/vocalist **Larry Elkins**. Doumanian had first hit upon the fledgling Elkins when he snapped his paws around a Nashville session the boy had done with various C&W luminaries. And . . . well, in the words of Elkins . . .

"I began sending in demos to *Mirage*."

Delehant and Doumanian (friends from back in the cradle of rock 'n' roll) then hit upon the inspired game plan . . . 'let's get these two hooked up'. Thus was spawned, early in '84, Fierce Heart, taking their name from the classic Forties movie, *'Fiercest Heart'*.

So, in the immortal words of **John Fogerty**, Elkins and Carroll took *'the thunder from the mountain'* and *'the lighting from the sky'*, teamed the elements up with help from producer **Chris Lord-Alge** (who, contrary to public opinion, isn't a new dummy for ventriloquist **Ray Allen**) and came up with a magnificent debut album called . . . 'Fierce Heart'.

If you wanna know what the LP sounds like, then order a copy of issue 88 pronto and peruse the rave review therein. In the meantime, Elkins sums up the project thus . . .

"It's rather like the first **Led Zeppelin** album in terms of content and balance. Both Rex and I are into melodies. We go for tuneful hard rock and the album reflects this attitude."

The duo intend to recruit a drummer soonest and tour the s**t out the US anal canal in the immediate future. And there should be a video shot rather rapidly (in a sci-fi, *'Terminator'* conceptual style) for the title cut from the LP.

According to the avidly astute Elkins, Fierce Heart works because . . .

"Right from the start, there was that vital chemistry between the two of us. We hit it off straight away. I think this band will become a very exciting proposition in the coming years."

The diverse influences of the peardrop pair (*ie* very substantial, but leaving a pleasant aftertaste in the mouth) seem to naturally gel, slipping a sufficient supply of Carroll's homogeneous heaviness ("The first band I really got turned onto was **Humble Pie**") in between Elkins' R&B rootings ("I was influenced by everyone from **Little Richard** to **Stevie Wonder**") to make any paaarrrttty swing from the chandeliers.

Some people may claim that perfect marriages are made in heaven. Me? I'll just skip the *clichés* and suggest that for first deputy arcangels Delehant and Doumanian ain't done a bad job in milk chocolate musical match-making.

Amen and good night, sweet Josephine. But whatever *did* happen . . .?

MALCOLM DOME

FIERCE HEART (from left): Rex Carroll and Larry Elkins

KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to Kommunication, Kerrang!, 40 Long Acre, London WC2

WRATHCHILD: are the odds stakked against them?

Pic Fin Costello

CHILDREN OF THE RAVE!

ONLY GEOFF 'Kick 'Em Down' Barton has sensed the true magnitude of Wrathchild. Dave Dickson caught a whiff of their greatness way on back when he reviewed the delightful 'Do Ya Want My Luv' single, and Hojo has been noted to have remarked upon the 'suss' of Lance Rocket's guitar playing and the revitalised sheen of the band.

But at the end of the day, Brian, the Wrathchild rebels are wrecking on with precious little recognition, and for a group who are unquestionably the attakking spearhead of the British glam upsurge, this absence of Starr treatment is nowt short of shokking.

Clearly, only a small (but privileged) number of Kerrang! *readers have been victims of the Stakk Attakk, whether in a live or vinyl setting. Rocky Shades and the boyz partied W.A.S.P. into the dust at the Lyceum last September, and further ripsnorting shows at Guildford, Fulham and the Camden Palace served to underline the already obvious – that Wrathchild are the ultimate shokk rokkin' attraction, leaving the Crüe, W.I.M.P.* et al *wilting in their wake. Rocky knows he is Britain's best, and so too do the hardcore handful, but sadly the majority of* Kerrang! *writers and readers have yet to taste and savour the juicy grapes of Wrath, despite the solid gold quality of the boys.*

Lance 'Killer Perkins' Rocket is indisputably the hottest guitar property on offer to the millions. Marc 'Rick Fell' Angel is a man's man of a bassist, slurping down the hard 'Malibu' *whilst the lily-livered likes of Xavier Russell stick to* 'Jack' *and other kids' stuff. Eddie 'Rock The City Down' Starr wields the biggest lip(stick)s in the business, and models a fetching line in leather minis, too. And Rocky 'Prince Of Lust' Shades has the raps, stakks, strutts, spikes and yoghurt to kick down the walls any nite.*

Too much bottling has gone on up to now – so get down an' party with the boyz! ***Wrathchild Surrey Barmy Army.***

BRITS 'N' PIECES (1)

THE BEST Of British? If bands like Lionheart, DiAnno, Stratus, Airrace etc are the future of Brit rock, then I'm emigrating!

All these bands do is churn out the same bland, dull, limp wristed, keyboard orientated, safe, dire rock. The same kinda music that killed abortions like White Spirit, Praying Mantis etc a very long time ago; it's just so bloody ordinary and 'dead'. None of these wimps have individuality; all of 'em sound the same! Derek (look, no ears) Oliver calls it 'class rock', I call it 'boredom'. All those bands do is try to do a note-by-note copy of Yank acts like Night Ranger (yawn), Toto, Journey etc and they fail cos they lack the 'class' and songwriting ability of such bands.

The best British band is an act *Kerrang!* has criminally ignored (except for two features in the space of two years and a couple of gig reviews). They are Terraplane; this is one band that *do* try something new, and get a melodic sound without wimping out. They write class songs that are full of power, soulfulness, inspiration and colour, four things which the likes of Alaska only dream about. So the ignorance towards them (apart from Chris Welch) is so unjustified and pathetic.

Malcolm Dome is such a tasteless s**thead! that moron can't have a functional brain if he can wet himself over middle-aged, overweight, unbearably bland bores like Partners In Crime and slag the youthful and exciting Terraplane to pieces. Terraplane perform hard-hitting Pop/Metal, the best heard since the mighty Cheap Trick, in my opinion.

Some *Kerrang!* readers wonder why Yank outfits like Ratt, Bon Jovi, Crüe, Black 'N Blue etc get so much coverage. Well basically it's cos they piss all over the 'boring' flabby Brit outfits with ease. Face up to it, not since the ill-fated Girl has the UK had an original, raunchy, sassy outfit. Since when has working class Britain produced the kind of exciting, original rock that's played by Ratt? Let's face it, comparing the likes of Persian Risk, Tokyo Blade, Wildfire etc to bands that are currently riding high in the USA is like comparing s**t with caviare.

Taking just one look at the recent *Kerrang!* Best Of British demo tape round-up showed just how bad British rock is at the moment. It's bloody distressing! Where is the new UFO, Zeppelin or Leppard?

All I can do is tell you all to look out for an up and coming South Wales band that will change all that. Get ready (and our name ain't Samurai). **Eddie, St. Mellons, Cardiff.**

BRITS 'N' PIECES (2)

WHAT'S GOING on at *Kerrang?*

I just can't see the point of the final round-up of the Best Of British demo tapes (issues 86 and 87). The proper articles on Glasgow, Chateaux, Tysondog etc were very good, but this was just a total waste of time. You must've killed off 95% of the bands with your attitude towards them.

I would like to say that there *are* some good British bands around who seem to have been ignored: Black Rose, Jaguar and Desolation Angels to name but three. Jaguar's last album was one of the best of '84 and it got an excellent review, yet there's been no interview since. How about some press on DiAnno or Cloven Hoof? Also what's happening with Limelight, any news? **Stuart Provost, Anfield, Liverpool.**

BRITS 'N' PIECES (3)

SO THERE was I, scurrying down the newsagents to pick up my fortnightly dose of 'Metal Mayhem'. As I did this I thought, 'Cor, what a blinkin' good read *Kerrang!* is. What other magazine caters for us HM fans so well?'

Anyway, I picked up my rag only to find a Best Of British tapes round-up. In it were one of the (if not *the*) best British bands to emerge for a long time, namely one Sweeney Todd. But what a slaggin' they got! I've seen them twice, once at Dingwalls and once at the Ad-Lib (RIP). Both times they were brilliant, and yet in four poxy lines you dismiss them, so no-one who has the chance will bother going to see them.

I urge all of you out in *Kerrang*land, ignore the writers this time round if you are a fan of intelligent heavy rock. Go and see Sweeney Todd! They're ACE. **Steve, the 'intelligent hard rocker', London N14.**

BRITS 'N' PIECES (4)

HAVING READ the Best Of British demo tapes round-up featured in *Kerrang!* issues 86 and 87 it seems that Malcolm Dome, Paul Suter, Dante Bonutto and Derek Oliver are a little less than happy with the results of their survey. Maybe they expected 'Mutt' Lange or Eddie Kramer to have produced these bands. Well, perhaps not, but we must remember that local band members finance themselves with either their day-time job wage or their dole. So they haven't much money to throw around.

In issue 87 Smokin' Roadie and the Hellfire Club were the only two bands to get fair reviews, and even then Smokin' Roadie were told they need a touch more character.

However the reason I am writing this letter is to komment on the unfair review of Dublin band Winters Reign. I have seen the band play on numerous occasions and each and every time they played to a full house.

The only question I ask now is, how many other bands were given unfair reviews? A word of encouragement to all the bands who sent a demo tape in. Don't take any notice of this sort of criticism, just keep on rockin'.

The next time M. Dome, D. Oliver, D. Bonutto or P. Suter interview some of the big names in HM maybe they should ask *them* about *their* early days. Like, what did their first demo tape sound like? Or did the manager of the pub they played in kick them out because his drink sales were down and they weren't pulling in a crowd?

While looking through some of my backdated copies of *Kerrang!* I noticed that in issue 83 there is a photograph of the leading figures of this magazine and there posing with a guitar is Mr Bonutto and to his right is Mr Oliver with a bass. I wonder, can they play them? Maybe Paul Suter should get a drum kit and Malcolm Dome should try his hand at lead vocals. And what's the betting the end result would be bloody awful?! **Michael Hughes, Dublin, Ireland.**

POWERLINES OVER NEW YORK

MICK WALL spots a rampaging 'EDDIE' and lives to exchange Yankee pleasantries with IRON MAIDEN bassist STEVE HARRIS (pictured right)

NEW YORK CITY belongs to 'Eddie'. The macabre, mutant Metal man has been seen prowling menacingly through the deep snow-drifts of Central Park, his eyes on fire with the pulsing neon ooze of uptown Manhattan.

Below ground, there are now vigilantes stalking the subways of 57th Street and 6th Avenue, armed to the teeth with illegal .38s, heads full of vengeance, distortion, psychosis and blood-lust. Their targets are teenage hoodlums who get their kicks and score a fast fix out of mugging/raping/attacking anything with two arms and legs, or even less sometimes, preying on the defenceless.

Everybody's so jittery about the whole deal of actually *riding* the subway because of this, uh, *tension*, that nobody can relax and nobody can tell who *are* the good guys anymore! It's like some ridiculous comedy by Céline, it's a slaughter-house down there populated by the insane. And now there is a new and more disturbing force adrift on Broadway. This time the threat is coming from above ground. . . 'EDDIE'!

Obviously, the home security forces figured he might show up. The signs had been there for days. First, the warmest New Year ever recorded in New York turned overnight from a picnic on Coney Island into notices of a probable 'life threatening situation', if the weather didn't improve, being flashed hourly on the TV. Against all the odds San Francisco's 49'ers football team beat the favourites, the Miami Dolphins, 38-16 in the final of the Superbowl, but – most important of all – Iron Maiden were in town for seven consecutive nights at New York's fabled Radio City Music Hall. The cops decided against evacuating the streets, terrifying though the streets *would be* if the monster did show up; maybe this time they'd be lucky, maybe this time 'Eddie' wouldn't make it. He'd been spotted in Rio De Janeiro a few days before, and, hey, that's over 8,000 miles away. So maybe, just maybe, the cops' luck will be in and maybe Eddie won't show up. . . maybe.

Yeah, and maybe one day I'll let Jimi Hendrix jam with me in Heaven!

On stage at Radio City, Geoff Tate, lead vocalist with Maiden's specially requested guests Queensryche, is busy announcing the band's second number, 'Before The Storm'. Behind me are two guys whom I last saw as extras running wild in 'The Warriors', and the time before that splattered against a cell wall in John Carpenter's 'Assault On Precinct 13'. They're real cyclops-psychos, half-breeds with only a state-funded arrested development to keep them from evolving entirely into hirsute werewolves. Mum, they do look mean.

"Hey f**k yooo!!" cries the first.

'Hey, f**k yooopo!! Gimme Maaiiddeennn!!!" screams the second.

Geoff Tate pauses and smiles into the largely appreciative audience.

"Hey yooo, motherf**ker! HEY yooo, I'm talking to yooooo!!" cries the first.

"Mmaaiiidddeeennnnn!!!" calls the second.

Tate spins on his heel and the band strike lightning as they roll into 'Before The Storm'.

"Hey f**k yooo, we want Maaiiddeennn!!"

Put a sock in it, chaps, I'm jolly well trying to listen to the music, don'tcha know? And when they catch sight of the *Magnum* I flash at them, snug and holstered strapped to my ribs, they put the zip on it and are not seen again until Maiden hit the stage half-an-hour later. By then they were not alone in their screaming frenzies. . .

Across 110th Street, the first encounter is already over: smoke and a cold wet smell like death linger head-high in a mist of night air. Three cops slain mercilessly, decapitation by axe on a grand scale, with fatal knife wounds and gouging, severe heat-burns (it's those *eyes*, did you see those *crazy* eyes?); five cops that ran away – "I got a wife and family to think of first," spluttered officer O'Leary into the TV eye of the 6 o'clock news. . .

'EDDIE'. . .!

THE ICE-METAL Churchillian monotone (post-1984, pre-1948. . .) shivers out of the PA and crawls on hands and knees into the visceral glands of the crowd. And the mallet comes down squarely on their heads. . . 'Aces High'! Lights! Lights! Nuclear bright! Let's ride. . .

From left to right across the stage, while 'Aces High' lifts off into the purple clouds, stand Dave Murray weaving out the riffs, Bruce Dickinson hysterically howling out the lusty melodrama of the lyrics with a dark medieval passion, Steve Harris bazooka-ing the balcony with his army-issue bass guitar, then Bruce Dickinson again bulging Tarzan-eyes into the criss-crossing spotlights, then Adrian Smith head-down/head-first into electric dream oblivion. . . riff-away, then bloody Steve Harris again, this time giving it to the far corner wall, then Bruce hanging from the PA stack, chanting, chanting, COME ON! Behind this menagerie of premeditated front-line punch and kick is Nicko McBrain, a man widely respected for his *own* individual style of punch and kick. Right now, he is thrashing his drum kit to within an inch of its short and fractured life.

The crowd start screaming. . .

'2 Minutes To Midnight' and 'The Trooper' follow, to equally devastating effect, with Bruce's between-song raps going off like fireworks, especially when he suddenly drops to one knee and begins preaching the gospel of rock and roll (ha! I am reading today from the teachings of *Kerrang!* issue 26 – strictly Old Testament, baby). He hits out at the appallingly bland state of New York rock radio and he fingers the assholes setting fire to the seats all over the hall, and then, if they weren't listening hard enough for him already, he puts in a stunning performance of 'Revelations', with Steve still jabbing and marshalling the united forces of the band from the far left wing of the stage. If Trevor Brooking had possessed a touch more of 'Harry' Harris in-built, aggressive Jimmy Greaves energy and bite, West Ham coulda bin contenders, honest boss!

Over on Times Square, a woman is treated for intense shock, two Puerto Rican pimps, in pink chiffon drag, both found God at the same precise moment that 'Eddie' staggered into view.

"Jeez, that mo-fo is sure one big baad animal or summit. Me, I'm getting out of here," moaned an old junkie spade sitting in Maxine's coffee shop.

No major injuries this time. No cops, see. . . And 'Eddie' walked on.

'Rime Of The Ancient Mariner' descends on the audience, amidst an arc of multi-flashing lights above the heads of the band. It's a straight Close Encounter, with the lights contorting eerily like happy boa-constrictors with their bellies full of sheep and children. The dual guitar freak-out at the end is a miracle bathed in flashbombs and coloured fire. 'Powerslave' carries the crowd even further up the dirty trail, with the band turning the heat on full. Dave grabs his solo with two fists and runs ruin with the minds of the people, tailing away into a ripped and torn version of 'The Star Spangled Banner', before Adrian, Steve and Bruce climb back on-board for the finale. And that means. . . Oh God, that means. . . 'EDDIE'!

And there he is. . . horrible, thrilling, untamed and unchained, and there for as long as you can stand it (those eyes. . .).The gross side-effects of 'Eddie's appearance continue through 'The Number Of The Beast', and then fireworks and more fireworks.

The killer is 'Iron Maiden', which crunches home with the stage back-drop taken over by a huge Egyptian sphinx-head on the one side. . . and on the other, the most Godawful, disturbing sight I ever saw curse the stage: a 20 foot high 'Eddie' with eyes like nuke reactors the day after the Big One, breathing fire so heavy no St. George would risk his ass to have a shot at *this* one. Huh! No sir. . . 'Running Free' and 'Run To The Hills' poison the blood throughout the encores, and by the time the band have returned and delivered a totally *scrotnig* and *zarjazz* version of 'Sanctuary', New York bares its big ass in surrender. All over the city, schizophrenic fathers are locking up their wives and daughters and swallowing the keys. . .

OK, HOLD all calls. It's time to spin words and sink beers, it's time to reclaim my stool at the bar and talk some serious turkey-neck with one of the finest men that ever drew breath, Steve Harris.

It's the evening of their fourth night at Radio City. All seven shows have sold out weeks in advance, although after I leave New York the following night, the band cancelled the last two shows because everybody comes down with a real sickener called New York Flu. Everybody, that is, except 'Harry', which only goes to prove what I've said all along, that Steve Harris is one of the finest men who ever drew. . .

Steve's telling me that he's now got a bar built in his house.

"It's done up like a real English pub," he chuckles. "Proper pumps. Got *'Ruddles'* on draft, *'Youngs'* on draft, it's really good stuff. We managed to get it finished for Xmas and all me family came round and all the *'Ruddles'* went, 72 pints of it. Nearly all the *'Youngs'* was gone, too. And *'Harp'* as well, that nearly all went, because me family do like a bit of drink, you know?"

Steve is not only married these days (to the lovely Lorraine!), but he is also the father of a six-month-old baby girl. How does he handle it being away from home for so much of the time?

"Well, Lorraine lives in a house near me mum's, which is good because then she's always with the family if she wants to be while I'm away touring, or whatever. It's a good house, in a very quiet part of the suburbs, but it's only 20 minutes from the East End where all me mates are, so it's good. I've got a good mate called Vic, who I've known for about 12 years; you know, he was in different bands with me before Maiden, you'll see his name on

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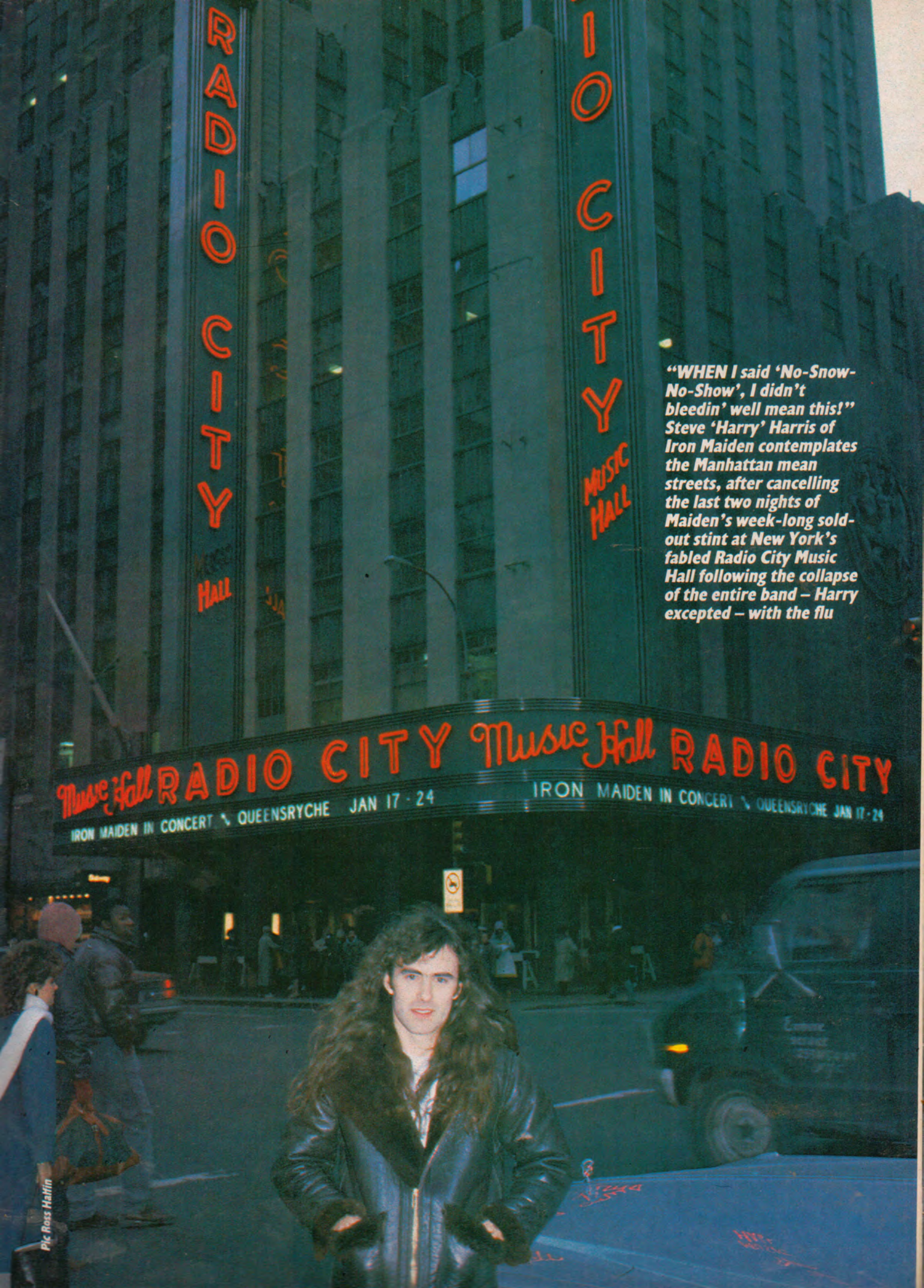

"WHEN I said 'No-Snow-No-Show', I didn't bleedin' well mean this!" Steve 'Harry' Harris of Iron Maiden contemplates the Manhattan mean streets, after cancelling the last two nights of Maiden's week-long sold-out stint at New York's fabled Radio City Music Hall following the collapse of the entire band – Harry excepted – with the flu

Pic: Ross Halfin

Pix Ross Halfin

FROM PAGE 28

the albums and in the book ('Iron Maiden – Running Free', published by *Zomba*). He's doing a lot of building work on the house for me while I'm away, so he's always there to keep Lorraine company most of the time. Me sister only lives down the road as well."

Do you like to get back to family life?

"Oh yeah. But it's such a difference from being on tour! It takes you a little while to come down to earth, if you know what I mean. It takes a good week or ten days before you start even sleeping proper hours again. And that's not jet-lag. It's just that touring becomes such a routine, you can't get out of going to bed until four o'clock in the morning. . . and what with the baby, Lorraine tends to be getting up when I'm going to bed. Crazy."

In 1985 you plan to play 300-odd gigs. Over the years you've always specialised in undertaking mammoth world tours. Why is it you don't crack up and turn into a raving lunatic? That sort of schedule would kill a lot of people I know (including me).

"Well it seems a lot, but if you think of some of the bands that play in pubs and clubs, they do five nights *per* week month in, month out over a period of years and no-one thinks anything of it. It adds up to about the same amount of gigs we're doing really. The only big problem we have, which they don't have, is transporting all the equipment we've got these days from one place to the next, which in America can be frightening because it's such a huge country. It's a lot harder on the crew than it is on us.

"I must admit, though, that I *do* miss England sometimes. After all, there's no place like it, is there? When you travel about all over the place you see some very nice things, you can meet a lot of interesting people, but England's *home*, innit? But, at the same time I'm doing something that I really want to do and if you spend all your time doing the things you want to, there's always something you've got to sacrifice. You just have to put up with it."

You know, what with so many rock musicians chopping and changing bands so frequently, somehow, despite the various line-up drop-outs there have been with Maiden, I couldn't ever *really imagine you or Dave playing in somebody else's band. Could it happen, though?*

"I couldn't imagine meself playing with anybody else's group. Especially not now. The band's been together a long time, nine years. I suppose it's because Maiden have been my life for so long that I never really think about it. If we did split up one day, I don't know what I'd do. Cry, probably. It's like when people ask me what I'm going to be doing when I'm 50. . . I don't want to think about that sort of thing."

You're not one of these musicians that have ideas of going on to become a big producer, or anything like that?

"Not really, no. I've had a couple of people ask me to do something for them. I'd love to have a go at it just to see if I could do it, but for one thing I'm not really sure if I *could* do it. It would be part of the excitement for me, but then that's not really fair on the poor buggers I'd be working with, is it? Actually, Pete Way asked me to produce a mini-LP, and Christ, I would have loved to have done it. In particular because it was him, and because all the guys in Waysted are great, you know. But I just ain't got the time to try things like that out at the moment. I'm not complaining though. The time to start worrying is when people *don't* want to know you anymore and you've got all the time in the world. We're in big demand at the moment, so you have to keep things boiling while people are interested in what you're doing."

OUT OF interest, have you heard the new Deep Purple album?

"I think it's good, I really like it. I must admit, though, on the very first hearing I was a bit disappointed. But we weren't really listening to it properly – we were doing a photo session at the time, and when we do photo sessions we sometimes put a tape on, you know. So I thought it was alright, it was OK. But I wasn't all that sure of it. But it really grows on you the more you hear it. The title track is brilliant, very Zeppelin-ish. 'Knocking On Your Back Door' is also really good! Everybody in the band likes it."

Are you going to go and see them at all?

"Oh yeah, I'd love to. In fact, a mate of mine living in Australia saw them a couple of times and he said they were relly good. He said they're still doing 'Child In Time' and that Gillan's still got all the high notes and everything which is great. As soon as he told me, I went and told Bruce because he is a Gillan fan and he was really pleased."

You've met Blackmore a few times, haven't you?

"Yeah well, we once did a support tour with Rainbow in the States, they were co-headlining with 38 Special. And we played Rainbow at football in Copenhagen a couple of years ago – Ritchie is a good footballer. He's really good when he's got the ball, but he's not the kind of geezer who would run 100 yards to get the ball. I'm not saying he's lazy or anything; he's great on the ball, he's just not what you'd call a grafter."

How did you feel meeting him for the first time? Did you get on OK?

"Yeah, I got on with him alright. It was a bit strange. Actually, Davey was more nervous meeting him than I was really, because Davey has always held Ritchie in high esteem. I mean, I have too, but being a guitar player I don't think Davey really knew what to say to him. A similar sort of thing happened to me when I met Phil Collins, you know? I'm a really big Genesis fan from the Gabriel days, and Collins' drumming, to me, is brilliant. Someone introduced me to him in LA and I just bottled out! I just went up to him and said, 'Alright mate, how're you doing?', and he said, 'Alright mate, how are you?', and that was it. I bottled out, didn't know what to say, so I just buggered off."

How do you feel about Genesis' music these days?

"I still really like it, but my heart is with the earlier stuff because that's when I used to go and see them when I was a kid. It's weird because I see people coming to see us now with Iron Maiden patches on their jackets, or pictures of 'Eddie', and when I was a kid I used to follow Genesis about. I saw them at the Reading Festival and I used to wear the old Genesis logo on me back. I actually embroidered it myself and had the old fox's head with 'Foxtrot' written underneath it, so I was a real hardcore fan, you know. After Gabriel left obviously the music was still as good and everything, but a bit of the surrealism and the whole weird thing that surrounded the band went a little bit, and then when Steve Hackett left the music just changed so much. They're still a brilliant band, but, I dunno, I prefer the older stuff. 'Supper's Ready' is still my favourite track of all time!"

How do you feel about a band like Marillion, then?

"Marillion are a really good band, I saw them at the Marquee. But it's really weird for someone like me who was such a big Genesis fan. They're good, there's no two ways about it, and I can see why a lot of people like them. But, after being the original big fan of Genesis, I can't, I just can't really get into them *that* much. I bought both studio albums and I like them, but it's like listening to early Genesis except it's – and Fish is gonna hate me for saying this – not as good.

"That's how I feel because I'm an old Genesis fan. But for people who never saw Genesis in the early days with Gabriel, it must be amazing. They must get the same feeling from Marillion as I got from Genesis, and if they do then that's fantastic. Gabriel onstage had a magic for me that I think Fish has got onstage for people now."

WHEN I reviewed 'Powerslave' (issue 76), I more or less said it was the best album you'd ever recorded. Would you agree with that now that some time has passed?

"Yeah, I think it's the best one. But I reckon 'Piece Of Mind' is a really good album, too. I suppose everytime you release an album, you can't help but think it's your best one, but 'Piece Of Mind' I genuinely believe is a better overall album than 'Number Of The Beast'. There might have been one or two tracks on 'Number. . .' which are stand-out numbers individually, but 'Piece. . .' is the *better album*. It's weird, I mean you know yourself what the best album is and I do think that 'Powerslave' is a step ahead, again. The only thing that worries me is that each time we've done a better album I end up thinking, 'Christ, what are we going to do for the next one?' Me wife will tell you, I sit there thinking, 'Oh f**k, what are we gonna do?' But, you know, you just sit down and write the songs and it comes out as it comes out."

Do you write songs on the guitar?

"Naw, not really. I'm not any good as a guitar player. 'What Shall We Do With The Drunken Sailor' is about my limit on the guitar. That was the first song I ever learnt on the guitar actually. No, I write on the bass. I wrote 'Strange World' and 'Prodigal Son' on acoustic guitar, but it's very simple stuff."

What I especially liked about 'Powerslave', what, in fact, I like so much about Iron Maiden. . .

"It's all right, Mick, I'll pay you later. . . ha! ha! ha!"

*. . . Uh, yeah. . . what I like so much about your material is that so many people try and tell me that Heavy Metal is moronic music for moronic people, but all of your songs have got great subject matter, great stories to unravel and think about. I mean, writing a song about a poem you really liked, as with 'Rime Of The Ancient Mariner', is the last thing anybody would expect from a band in your position. Anybody that knows f**k all about Heavy Metal would* never *equate a Coleridge poem with Iron Maiden, you know?*

"It's OK to write simple pop songs. There's nothing wrong in that. If it's so easy why don't more people do it? But if kids went out and checked into Coleridge just because we wrote a song about it, then that's really something.

"The same sort of thing happened with 'To Tame A Land' on the last album: the amount of people who went out and read the book 'Dune' by Frank Herbert, which inspired it, was amazing."

"Lyrics *are* important, I don't care what anybody says about it. If bands only spent a bit more time putting a little thought into their lyrics, than all the people singing about their 'baby' would sound so much more convincing. The melody line is most important, but when you sit down and read the lyrics, or listen and think about the lyrics, and they *means* something, that's a lot better than realising it's all a load of bollocks, real throwaway stuff."

It's great when you see kids in the audience mouthing the words to something like 'Rime Of The Ancient Mariner', don't you think?

"Yeah, that's a total buzz because I'm the bleeding world's worst for mouthing the lyrics while I'm playing onstage. In fact, I'm screaming them out most of the time. Bruce too, he loves it when he spots someone joining in with the singing. . ."

I loved Garry Bushell's book, the aforementioned 'Running Free'. . .

"Yeah, for a book done in such a relatively short space of time I think what Garry's come up with is brilliant. It's about time we did an official book, there are so many horrible naff bootlegs. What I really would liked to have done though, if we had more time, and perhaps we'll do it in the future, is actually talk to all the people that were in the band over the years. Also, people that worked for the band, people that knew the band at a particular point in our history. All that sort of thing would have made it a lot more in-depth and interesting. What we've done with this book is fabulous, but later on we will elaborate on the theme, I'm sure."

I almost cried with laughter over those pictures of you with the flares lining up in your nan's front room for pictures. . .

"Yeah, that was with Gipsy's Kiss, one of my early bands. But, we used to rehearse there with the kit and everything all the time. The old next-door neighbour actually collared me nan over the pub one day and started complaining about all the racket going on. And me nan said, 'Oh no, I don't hear a thing from those boys!' Course, me nan was a bit 'mutt and jeff' (deaf). Ha, ha, ha. I used to think, well if you weren't before, you bloody well are now, you know?"

KILLERWATT

ANOTHER FINE MESSE...

TIM OAKES reports from the Frankfurt musical instrument trade fair

RIGHT, JUST imagine standing on the corner of a football pitch, looking lengthways down towards the other end. Now start walking. When you get to the other end, cut in ten feet and repeat the exercise. Then, when you've paced the whole pitch in this manner, imagine there are another *eight* pitches side-by-side!

Such is the size of the **Frankfurt Music Messe** – and the incredible distances that have to be covered by foot at the event! It's big – very, very big. And this year, more than any other previous fair, the manufacturers went full out to cater for the hard rock/HM market. Even the traditionally staid and straight-laced US guitar makers have started to generate new designs *specifically* for the axe wielders of the world . . .

First stop on the trek was at the new **Fender** stand. The company have parted from their previous affiliations and are now a solo unit. To celebrate this, they introduced no less than 20 new guitars and basses at the fair, including something rather special for those without an axe to grind . . .

"Fender just cannot ignore the Heavy Metal market now, so we've developed a new guitar solely with HM players in mind."

Those words came from **Dan Smith**, designer of the new **Fender Katana** – and what a guitar! Featuring the new Fender tremelo system, the distinctively shaped instrument is going to be an HM player's dream. It has all the perfection for which Fender is renowned, plus styling that makes it a beauty both to play *and* to look at. Smith's attention to detail (he designed the guitar on a computer) even goes down to the position markers on the fretboard – shaped like the instrument's silhouette in miniature!

The Katana is due to be released in the UK around June/July, and Fender have also promised a bass to go with it. The price will probably be around £400; they have also promised to release a Katana model (and the related bass) in the lower-priced **Squier** series.

The tremelo arm on the Katana is part of a new range of wang bars which will be phased into the existing series of instruments over the next few months. There are three systems in the range. Series I has a very modern design with a locking nut behind the guitar's own nut, so that the strings are literally locked in place; they can't go far out of tune and there are fine tuners on the bridge should it slip a little. The Series II is similar to the top of the range, but without the fine tuners, whilst the Series III (drool, drool) is probably the *ultimate* wang bar, featuring superb fine tuners and a locking facility when you don't want to use the wang bar.

A WARM WELCOME for the *Killerwatt* crew awaited us on the **Westone** stand – the success of their **Rocket** guitar (which was highlighted in issue 77) has prompted a bass version to be made available in a few weeks time. They've also been hard at work on a new **Super Headless** bass which combines the traditional body shape with a contemporary headless design. Made from a superb stock of maple wood (with a 'birds eye' design in the grain), the beautiful instrument has active circuits (*ie* a battery powered tone circuit inside the instrument) giving a matchless tone, with a power that will have your amps hiding in a corner . . . It is probably the best bass guitar I've personally *ever* laid my grubby digits on, though at around £500 it is aimed more at the professional end of the market. But Westone have prices to suit all pockets, and their new stylish, spikey beasts start at under £200.

Peavey, the US amplifier and guitar makers, have just finished their new **Butcher** stack, with a beautifully styled amp perched on top of two massive cabinets, containing four 12" speakers. Great heavens above, this is *loud*! The price hasn't been fixed yet, but shouldn't be over £750.

And what better instrument to go with a Butcher stack than a blood-spattered guitar? Oh yes, the W.A.S.P. guys have had the guitar makers out with their little paint pots (either that or slashing their wrists) to create instruments with the gory look! **Washburn** have come up with a delightfully nasty looking model – complete with bloodstained strap . . .

Equally daft (at least pricewise) are the new **Yamaha** guitars. The Japanese company have introduced a battery of new instruments, ranging from just £169 for the **SE200**. This three-pickup guitar has a five-way switch, so that any combination of the pickups can be selected. It is made from solid Nato wood, sprayed in either black, cream, white or regal blue. Next up in the SE range is the 300 which also features a new tremelo arm and new style tuning heads/knobs; it will retail for £199.

Yamaha, like Fender, have also developed a new trem system for the top end of the SE series. It is available on a variety of guitar styles featuring either pairs of humbucker pickups or combinations of single coil and humbuckers which, with locking nuts and solid alder wood bodies, are a bargain at around £430.

With two new **SG** range models (the **SG200** at £199!), a new HR and HM series (twin humbuckers on beautiful alder/birch bodies all around the £300 mark), and some amazing new basses, like the new **BB1100S** (£399), Yamaha are aiming to make a big impact this year.

Of course, it isn't just guitars that are exhibited at the Messe; it is everything musical, from a concertina to a capo, a strap to a cymbal – and *what* cymbals! **Paiste** had decorated a huge stand at the event to highlight their new coloured series. Beautiful red, blue and even black cymbals are available in the range, so that you can match them to your kit.

Fans of the **Zildjian** cymbal range were treated to a dramatic collection of views on their stand due to the astonishing new Zildjian **Bright** series. These are almost mirror-finished metal, glittering with an eye-catching lustre – and they sound fantastic, too! On show were some specially designed crash, crash-ride and hi-hat models (due in the UK shops soon) which are likely to drum up a storm among rock players.

BUSINESS WAS very brisk up at the British quarter, which was populated by UK manufacturers with a myriad of new models to show. Handmakers **Manson Guitars** had some superb new electric and bass guitars on display, right next to the **Session** amps stand, where you could take them for a good thrashing. The Session range has been expanded to accommodate a new **Stereo Stack**, plus a range of new combos. All the models are valve-powered and can be coaxed into giving some unreal overdriven sustain sounds, with the sound-shaping capacity to literally create the rock sound *you* want to hear. Their stand was emblazoned with the logo *'the amps that YOU designed'* – a reference to the long-term research that the company have put in to find what the players really want.

For transistor power, the **V-amps** from **Deanvard Ltd** deliver the goods; these inexpensive little amps are available in all shapes and sizes, from 30W guitar combos right up to 100W models for bass, keyboards and guitar.

Whilst we're on the subject of the UK manufacturers, mention must be made of the weird new **Staccato** guitar which has electronic volume and tone facilities and a detachable central section. This allows the player to strap on the 'body' of the instrument and then select either 12-string, six-string or bass neck and electronic modules.

By now, my feet were turning to jelly, my knees were finished, the feeling had gone from the toes. Ho-hum, only another 400 strands to see . . . and *then* there were only two other halls to get

ROGUE MALE ARE COMING

round. So, for some delight, turn right, turn left and it's only about a mile to the **Hamer** stand. There, sitting proudly amongst his guitars, was **Paul Hamer** himself. Following on from the review of their **Zulu** model in *Killerwatt* (issue 80), Paul has now developed a pink version of the guitar and added a similar bass to the series.

Brand new for this year was a synth guitar, designed to match up to the **Roland** range of guitar synthesisers. Paul sat on the stand, calmly stroking some church organ riffs out of this innovative instrument . . .

And then there was **Bond**. I can't tell you what the stand was like because there were so many people there to see this new invention, it was all I could do to fight my way far enough in to see fingers flying up and down the new **Pitchboard** necks. Reactions ranged from puzzled examinations of the saw-tooth fretboard to stunned disbelief at the tones available.

Tally-ho, next stop was **Vox**. The name itself is a legend, coaxing memories of the matchless **Vox AC30** combo, but some new legends are currently being born in the shape of their new electric guitars and basses. Many of the models on the Vox stand carried the little *'Neu'* card; these recent introductions are all very low-priced instruments and designed in configurations to meet almost every player's requirements. Long scale basses, available both fretted and fretless, are priced from £183, whilst their new two-pickup guitar retails at a measly £149.

But, whilst these models are stylish and neatly designed, you still can't beat the old AC30 for sheer power – and there it was, standing proudly amongst its newer colleagues, still in production after all these years.

The Vox amps intimidate by *sound*, but one guitar at the fair intimidated just by its mere *existence*. **Hondo** have produced a guitar in the unnerving shape of a sub-machine gun! Complete with a camouflage finish, this intimidating instrument looks very realistic, even down to the trigger (which is actually the pickup selector toggle switch). this was just one of the range of guitars recently introduced by Hondo with weird and wonderful shapes but amazingly low price tags.

For sheer beauty in a guitar, though, the new **Knight Warrior** took the biscuit. This is a brand new model from **Aria**. It sports one **Hot Blade** pickup (humbucking) and a pair of Hot Blade single coils. It's a *black* guitar, with a beautiful, contoured ash body, a maple neck and rosewood fingerboard. The tremelo system is the famous **Kahler 'Flyer'**, complete with nut lock. Sounds expensive? Nope, the price is just £299.

Overall, the Frankfurt Music Messe of 1985 proved to be the year that the instrument and hardware manufacturers took a long hard look at the rock market and at their prices. This resulted in a wealth of new, quality instruments at prices that, in many cases, were lower than last year. The new models will be appearing in the shops over the coming weeks.

A CAT WITH CLAWS!

ARIA 'WILDCAT III'
RRP £199

WELL YOU don't usually get much these days for under £200, so at £199 (including hard case) this is quite a good buy.

Visually the 'Wildcat' is nothing special. In the colours available (ivory or black) it looks very ordinary and would, I think, have looked much better without the scratchplate.

The twang's the thang, and the 'Wildcat' sounds better than it looks.

It's a three pick up job; two single coils plus a humbucker in the bridge position which can be converted to single coil mode by utilising the 'pull' facility on the tone control.

With intelligent use of pick up selector and tone control a reasonable range of sounds can be obtained. The sounds themselves are fairly good, those in the top end having the edge over the lower frequencies which at times seem slightly 'woolly', particularly when using either of the two pick up combinations or the centre one on its own. But with either the bridge or neck pick ups you can get some good, cutting tones which are much better and much more useful.

Controls on the 'Wildcat' are a five-position switch for selecting middle and front, middle and back or any individual pick up; one volume and one tone control which has the aforementioned 'pull' facility. The volume control has a good 'linear' response; that is, it gives a fairly equal change in volume at all points of rotation.

The 'Wildcat' features Aria's 'ACT-2' tremelo bridge unit (detailed in my review of the Aria 'XX Deluxe' – *Killerwatt, Kerrang!* issue 82) which, apart from not having individual string height adjustment, works well as a unit.

Construction and finishing is, as with nearly all Arias that I've come across, very good. And overall it does have the feel of a more expensive guitar.
(Enquiries: Gigsville Ltd – 01 897 3792).

PAUL HENDERSON

ARIA 'WILDCAT': it has the feel of a more expensive guitar

Pic Paul Henderson

DON COSTA AND NIKI BUZZ

m-80

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Rock in Rio (2)

MICK WALL goes nuts in Brazil and continues his epic tale of rock festival life in 'sun, sea and sex drenched' Rio de Janeiro

SATURDAY AFTERNOON in 'sun, sea, and sex drenched' (copyright: *Daily Mirror*) Rio De Janeiro is much the same as it is anywhere in the world: me and Boss Halfin draped over two wooden sun beds by the pool, overhead a marine-blue sky reflecting temperatures nosing into the 100s, and at our feet the largest glass jug of Sangria Ross' *Am-Ex* card can afford (which, believe me, means a receptacle half the size of the pool!).

Tonight there is a party being held by *EMI* over at the Copacabana Palace Hotel in honour of several unpronouncable, wholly uninteresting Brazilian acts along with Queen, Whitesnake, the Scorpions, Rod Stewart . . . and Iron Maiden, who don't show up due to the fact that by the time the party kicks off at 9.30, the band will be knee-deep in duty-frees on some *Varig Airlines* flight bound for snowy New York City. Shame . . .

This afternoon, though, me and Ross are off to play tourists-for-a-day with Maiden's Steve Harris and Dave Murray. Two cars and drivers and one security man whisk us off to the two main spots any righteous-minded visitor to Rio will go out of their way to see at least once on their journey: Cocavada Mountain and Sugar Loaf!

Cocavada is one of the seven wonders of the world: a mountain peak God alone knows how many feet above sea level with an enormous statue of Christ, hands outstretched above the clouds, built on the apex of the deep slopes. Sugar Loaf is another high-altitude rock that rises out of the ocean, bloodlessly penetrating the skyline and approachable only by cablecar.

Talk about View From The Cocavada! Climbing out of the cars, the four of us stand transfixed by the sight of Rio De Janeiro sprayed out like a map below us. For several minutes we are all submerged in a world unaffected by the barbaric comings and goings of the miniscule rock world. Even Ross takes a breather from beatings on the heads of the grinning locals to contemplate the awe-inspiring scene.

Above us stands the super-tall Christian monolith, staring unblinkingly into the arsehole of the sun, while at eye-level all you see are more mountains and hills vying for *their* place in the current bun of life . . .

The Brazilians, whatever else they may or may not be, are by nature a people thrilled and animal-inquisitive about the curious details of their daily lives. And within minutes of noticing the long-haired young gringos getting their pictures taken so fanatically by Ross, everybody wants to know what is going on. When the security man tells them that the famous English rock group IRRROONN MAAYYDENN no less are presently in their mountain-top midst, word spreads faster than a rash on the festering unconscious carcass of a tramp sleeping it off on the steps of Kings Cross Station.

That's when the commotion begins.

Steve and Dave are still fazed by it all as we drive away an hour later. An hour of being followed every where they walk, 60 minutes of smiles and yelps and handshakes and T-shirt buying and ice-cream scoffing . . . and, like dig, it was great fun. Why not?

Indeed. When we arrive at the cablecar station for the jaunt to Sugar Loaf, all that's altered is the location. Bunches of people – kids, teenies, mums, dads – surround us wherever we go. Me and Ross have been told by Steve to give up trying to explain to people that *we* aren't *in* the group: "It's easier just to sign autographs," he says, laughing at our discomfort. "Go on . . . you'll love it!" And so, for the next couple of hours, me and Ross play at being Iron Maiden for the day.

BACK AT the Copacabana Palace Hotel later that evening, Steve, Ross, Dave and I are having a beer by the pool an hour before the boys are set to leave Rio.

So tell me boys, what did you make of Rio? asks the resident journalist.

"To be honest with you we didn't see much of Rio, that is until today," says Dave.

"Yeah, today was the best day," muses Steve into his beer. "I feel like I want to stay a few more days. Today was brilliant. Those people were so friendly . . ."

And today *was* brilliant, too! Sights, sun and sick jokes from Ross . . . magic. A bit like your first day trip to the sea when you're young . . . a dream you don't wanna forget.

AT PRECISELY 10.30 that night, Ross and I march boldly into the *EMI* party. Over at the Barra da Tijuca festival site it's a night of Al Jarreau, followed by James Taylor, followed by George Benson, and not of the slightest interest to me. I felt it from deep within my bones that it was *the party* I should be attending, if I understood the assignment accurately.

And there everybody was. A regular View From The Poolside Bar.

Jesus! The Filth Street hacks and the rock comix clowns outnumber their prey a solid two-to-one. Queen are all there gadding about with their personal bodyguards in tow to 'Stop people taking pictures' (snigger!) . . . Rod Stewart is sat chit-chatting to a knee-trembling blonde with pegs that stretch right the way up to her powdered chin who *doesn't* go by the name of Kelly . . . Justin Focus, intrepid Englishman-abroad lensman for the insipid *Sounds* magazine, to this day doesn't understand why he was bodily thrown out of the room when the fool tried to turn *papparazzi* for the day and get a sneaky shot of Rod *avec* the blonde feline . . . Neil Murray wants it to be known that he is not simply here-for-the-beer and that indeed his public image as 1984's Star Of The Bar is wholly unfounded. This while dashing off another sweet vodka and tonic . . .

Brian May dives into the pool fully clothed – gasp! gasp! – as a line of newshound photographers get tomorrow's page five printout, late edition . . . I am standing with Michael Jensen (one of the finest men that ever drew breath!), US PR man for Rod Stewart, Ozzy Osbourne, Iron Maiden *etc etc*, nose-diving into what Michael likes to call 'some very *serious* cocktails' . . .

Oh look, over there Robin Le Mesurier (Rod's guitarist) is supping icky-looking green s**t with John Sykes from Whitesnake . . . and, well I never, there's Brian May and Neil Murray – obviously discussing, um, *technique* or something equally, you know, *real* . . .

But as these things go – and they go only two ways, remember, up and down, like a toilet seat – the action is slow, and the wine is making me turn ugly.

It's been a long day, and my mind is still stuck up somewhere pinned to the slopes of Cocavada . . .

SUNDAY IS just another some day marked by only two events of real significance: 1) Ozzy Osbourne and entourage arrive in town from LA, and 2) Ross Halfin discovers Rio's finest Japanese restaurant . . .

Ozzy has recently been released from the notorious Betty Ford Clinic in California. This is the place you've already read about in *Extra Kerrang!* – a clean-out cabin for alcoholic film stars and family-rich junkie vagabonds from the West Coast (hi, 'Krusher'!). It boasts a 100% success rate and its clientele in the past has included Robert Mitchum, Elizabeth Taylor,

KONTINUES PAGE 36

". . . over at the festival site, it's a night of Al Jarreau, followed by James Taylor, followed by George Benson, and not of the slightest interest to me . . . it was The Party I should be attending, if I understood the assignment correctly."

SCREAM FOR me, baby . . . scream!!: Rudy Schenker attempts to extricate himself from the thigh-huggin' grasp of a Dickson-sized Brazilian beauty. Not that he's trying **THAT** hard, y'unnerstand . . .

▲ **PLAY IT** again, Samba: the Scorps regale the assembled press corps with an impromptu rendition of a traditional German folk song. And why not, indeed?!

PIC Justin Thomas

FROM PAGE 34

Malcolm Dome and now . . . Ozzy Osbourne, the 'wild man of rock' (copyright: *The Sun*).

The great man has stepped off the plane and gone direct to the hotel and hit the sack. Will Ozzy stay sober? What will Ozzy be like onstage; after all, he hasn't given a live performance *straight* in 16 years! Will the self-proclaimed 'born again drunk' crack up under the heat and go mad, demanding a barrel of brandy before he hits the boards? And what does this all mean for the rest of us?

These, and other equally fascinating questions are firmly answered the following night when Ozzy makes his first appearance in the bar looking trim, tanned, extremely healthy and on his best behaviour. Not a single Light Ale dampened his lips all evening, and he won the admiration of even the most hardened cynic (hi, Ross). But the fear returned when later the story went out that Ozzy had broken his vow of abstinence on the flight over, drinking the aircraft dry, while Sharon Osbourne, his wife and manager, slept peacefully, finally collapsing in a happy drunken heap into the aisle where he slept off the remainder of the journey . . .

ROSS discovering a Japanese restaurant around the corner from our hotel was a moving occasion. Ross loves Japanese food the way Humphrey Bogart loved Lauren Bacall: with a brutal passion that refuses to accept second best on any level. Halfin (yes, the one and the same Halfin who was nearly voted Top Rock Photographer in *Screem* magazine recently . . .) is not possessed of a *forgiving* nature at the best of times, but when it comes to his Sushi Fish and Soy Sauce he simply *will not tolerate imperfection.*

A hot, dirty country full of punters ready and willing to swipe your cameras is an acceptable burden on Ross' broad shoulders; he is, after all, getting *paid* to suffer. A disastrous served Sushi Fish with the Saki warmed at the *wrong* temperature is UNACCEPTABLE. On all counts . . .

"PSSAACHHTT!! he cries. "EERRGGHHH . . . PPSSSAACCHHTTT!!" His face is going a horrible shade of purple . . . "GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY! THEY CAN'T EVEN GET BLOODY *SUSHI FISH* RIGHT IN THIS BLOODY HELLHOLE . . . PSSAACCHHTT!"

Waitresses come running from all directions. But the damage has been done.

"Take it away. It's bloody horrible! You don't even know what Soy Sauce is, do you? Oh, go on, clear off and bring me two beers!" The Sushi tremors don't subside until I point out that *Moet* champers sells for £6.00 a bottle in this joint.

"Oh well. Now that's different," he sighs. The rest of the evening is spent watching Ross bill and coo over his cheap champagne into a stunned Brazilian waitress' right ear.

"Will Ozzy stay sober? What will Ozzy be like onstage? After all, he hasn't given a live performance straight in 16 years! Will the self-proclaimed 'born again drunk' crack up under the heat and go mad, demanding a barrel of brandy before he hits the boards . . .?"

THE FOLLOWING afternoon, the Scorpions and Ozzy arrive at the Rio Palace Hotel for their press conferences. While the Scorpions file into the conference room, Ozzy is seated by the pool being interviewed for local Brazilian television. Up on a nineth floor balcony, Rod Stewart and his band attempt a bit of thunder-stealing by playing their ancient rock 'n' soul tapes as loud as the volume level will allow – which is VERY LOUD! – and the whole poolside area is drowned in wave after wave of Booker T, Chuck Berry and Percy Sledge . . .

Inside the conference room Scorps singer Klaus Meine is explaining to the assembled Brazilian press-corps that wherever the band travel throughout the world they always like to learn one of the traditional native songs, and would anybody care to oblige them with the necessary melodic instruction? Half-a-dozen journalists instantly rise to their feet for an impromptu vocal rendition of some fine old Brazilian folk tune. It's a weird, touching scene, which the Scorpions acknowledge by standing up and replying with a German folk song.

By the time Ozzy takes his spot behind the media-microphone spirits are still high, but the questions are all coming straight out of left-field.

The interpreter informs Ozzy that the press wishes to know if he is going to be biting the heads from the scrawny necks of any chickens while he's in Rio?

"Tell them I'm off chickens at the moment," he grins. "I might try a few cats and dogs though . . ."

The headlines on the front page of *O Globo* and her cruddy ilk the next morning report verbatim Ozzy's avowed intention to sample the culinary delights of several members of the local cat and dog community amidst loud, literary gasps of horror . . .

Rod The God is still up on his balcony sipping mineral water, tapping his toes to the multi-decibel clang of 'Green Onions' when Ozzy finally departs the hotel.

TONIGHT IS another George Benson, Al Jarreau, MOR-'stars' night out at the festival, so in our ceaseless bid to *cover the action* wherever the hideous trail might lead us, Ross and I do a Judas Priest (as in Head On Down The Highway . . .) over to the Copacabana Palace Hotel where two lonely bar-stools are presently awaiting our arrival.

And in the bar tonight . . . MY GOD! It's a bloody rock convention! All of Whitesnake, Ozzy and Sharon Osbourne, Klaus and Rudy from the Scorpions, world-famous rock manager Rod Smallwood, whose proudest boast of the festival is that he managed to find a shop that sold him two stuffed piranha fish, together with various other rock types . . .

There's also a large contingent of British fans from Manchester, in Rio, like me, for the first time and still gabbing on about Maiden's triumphant opening concert. They actually confess to me they don't *all* buy *Kerrang!*, but this is after they have purchased a beer for me so I smile and change my mind about setting Ross on them.

Ozzy wanders by and we shake hands and say hello. What do you think of it so far, all this sun, sea and school-girls? I ask him.

"I think Rio's a f**king s**thouse, myself . . . I mean, it's a f**king toilet, ain't it? Horrible grub, you can't drink the water, and I can't go outside the hotel because I'll get mobbed. I'll be glad to f**king leave. I tell you what, I feel really sorry for Ronnie Biggs . . . trapped here! I know people say he did bad things that he never got punished for, but f**king hell, having to spend the rest of your life in this place must be f**king worse! Me, I'd rather have done my time before I'd come running to this bloody place. Honest, I would!"

He's got a point there, you know.

"And I'll tell you something else," he says, with a concerned look in his eye. "I've had the f**king s**ts since I arrived here and all!"

And he strolls off to a corner table, back to his mineral water and his wife. One of the finest men that ever drew breath, Ozzy Osbourne . . . defintely well in doughnut . . .

It's strange the hierarchy that exists amongst these bands that are appearing at the Rock In Rio festival. Here, in the bar of the Copacabana Palace Hotel, I can swivel my 'Uncle Ned' and watch David Coverdale slipping into a relaxed rap with Rudy Schenker, I can plonk my elbows inbetween Neil Murray and Don Airey and buy us all a round, I can partake of the sacred, cleansing mineral water with Ozzy, I can pull stupid faces at Rod Smallwood . . . if I want to.

Meanwhile, back at the Rio Palace Hotel, a mile or so further up the beach, the action is decidedly more sedate: Rod Stewart and his merry band, plus several key members of the Stewart entourage, his managers, lawyers, *etc,* are joined by Roger Taylor of Queen plus a couple of the very ugly Go-Gos. They're planing a midnight dinner, somewhere out on the peak of the Rio De Janeiro social stratosphere, followed by cocktails and empty talk at the nearest available millionaire's shack. And for God's sake don't forget to wear a jacket and AC/DC haven't been seen in days and . . . f**k that! Let's get back to the bar, pronto . . .

"It's just that I'm a bit sick and tired of talking about bass strings and bloody amplifiers and things. It's either that or I'm out for a drink somewhere like the Funny Farm in London and Ray Palmer will come up to me and ask me if it's OK to take a picture of me and Rock Goddess together, and I say yeah, and the next thing I know I'm in *View From The Bar* with some stupid comment written underneath it. I have got a brain too, you know!"

Neil Murray opines the dilemma of his status *amongst certain factions of the press,* which I'm too drunk to realise means *me.*

Seated at another table in the bar is a young man by the name of Stephen Rea. Stephen is 16 years old and has bullied, out-smarted, and persuaded his parents into flying him over 8,000 miles from the family home in Belfast to the Rock In Rio festival. He's an Ozzy fan of the darkest water, and when he's not nailing his soul to an upside down cross, he's also a very heavy Iron Maiden freak. To be sitting just a few tables from his idol, the mighty Oz, is an experience I'd dearly loved to have been through when I was just 16 . . . a-way-way back in time . . .

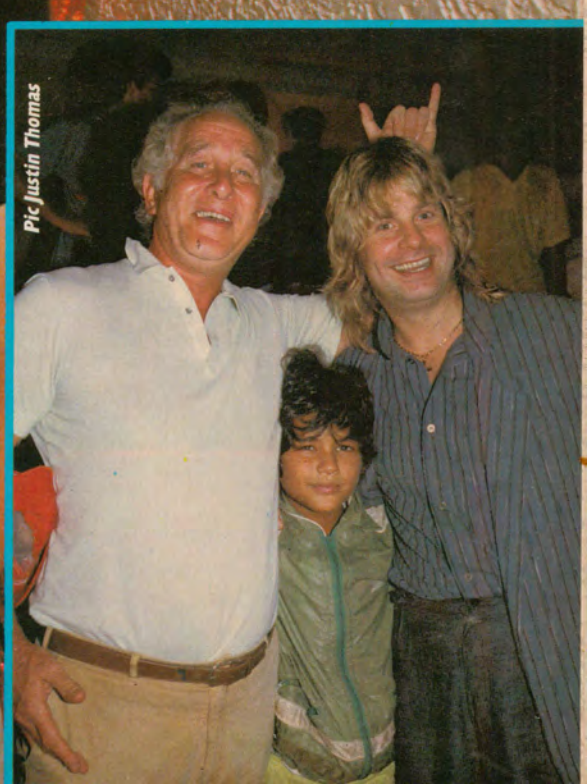
And so the bar at the Copacabana Palace rocks on past the witching hour, but sooner or later even the vampires must sleep.

STORY CONCLUDES NEXT ISSUE

NO IDOL boast: Ozzy Osbourne beats on the brat, aka Titanic True Fan Stephen Rea, who travelled all the way to Brazil from Belfast to see his hero rock in Rio

Pic Ross Halfin

▼ OZZY WITH Ronald Biggs: "I know people say that Biggs did bad things that he never got punished for, but fking hell, having to spend the rest of your life in Rio must be f**king worse than any jail sentence!"**



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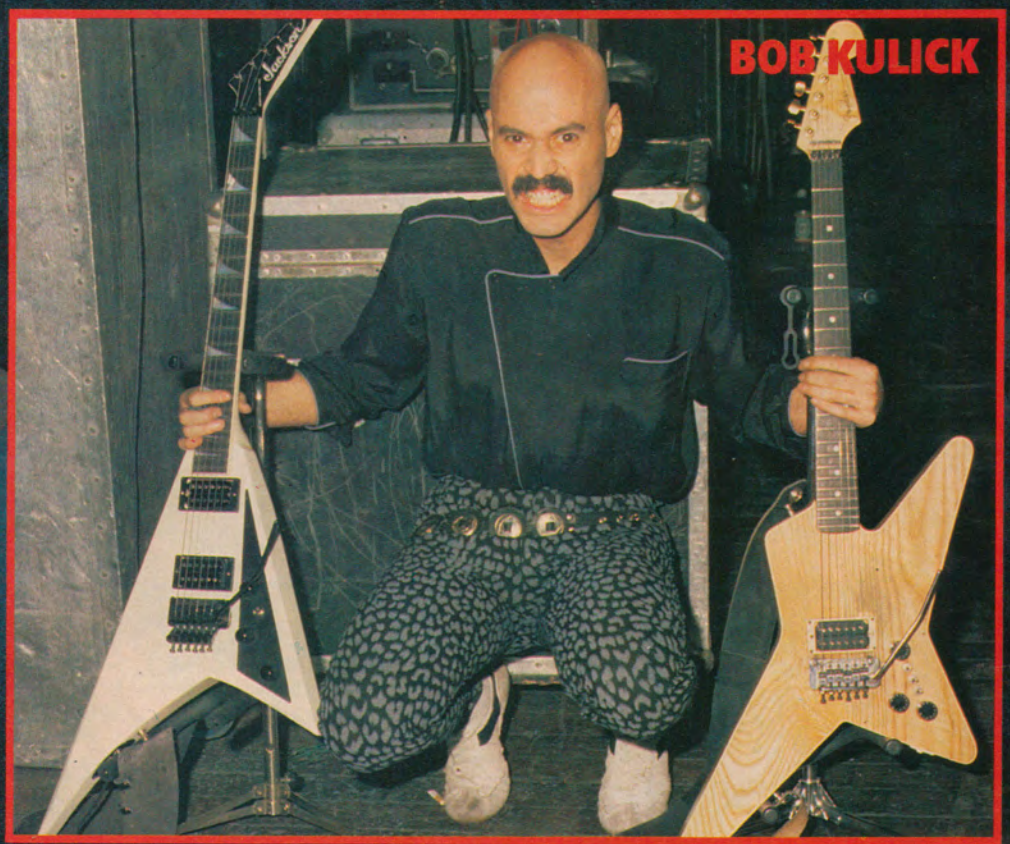

Pix Erica Echenberg

WE'LL MEAT AGAIN

DAVE DICKSON continues to plot the story of MEAT LOAF (pictured left), from 'The Rocky Horror Show' through 'Bat Out Of Hell' to the present day

PAUSE A moment, a moment of recollection. Time has lodged itself across our line of broken thought, staggering our passage along this rigorous path, remember? The time we left was 1973, the time we re-embark is 1985; we pull back, focus and descend on the Hammersmith Odeon, the last night of Meat Loaf's recent English dates.

I enter the dressing room guardedly, Ms Echenberg, camera at the ready, bringing up the rear. I smile and wave, disarmingly I hope. Will he remember me? Yes, this time he does. He waves back, his mood is much improved, the tour is going well. Against his dressing room mirror are two gigantic envelopes containing equally gigantic greetings cards. One is addressed, embarrassingly enough, to 'The Lead Singer Of Meat Loaf'. The message inside clearly does nothing to endear its sender to Meat Loaf further; its author claims the use of only one leg and will be using that to support herself during the set at the back of the hall and could Meat Loaf see his way to dedicating a song in her direction? The scam is so ridiculous, it's probably true. The dedication, however, never materialises. In this business only the toughest survive.

"You're not doing an interview now!" The statement is half clarification, half accusation. Tour Manager Robbie Johnstone is a worried man; what do I want and why do I keep turning up out of the blue? Can't I leave his charge in peace? Meat Loaf dons a grotesque white/*lamé* biker's jacket and prepares himself for another round of photos. Guitarist Bob Kulick offers Ms Echenberg some moral support, but this will do nothing to improve relations. Behind the stage curtain, Meat Loaf poses . . . on a stairway, in a stairwell. Behind the massive bike-prop, I swop a few quips with Rudy Riviere, the guitarist Terraplane have kidnapped from the New Torpedos/Blackmail for the duration of this tour. Rudi has a £10 bet from someone at *Epic* Records (Terraplane's label) that he can't 'make friends' – to borrow a euphemism – with Mr. Loaf's backing vocalist, Kati Mac. Rudi has failed to collect and is worried that maybe he is losing his touch.

Back in the dressing room, the divine Ms Mac throws her arm around me and breaks into one of those devastatingly nullifying smiles. "You called me 'Mac Loaf'!" she chirps. There's no arguing with a smile like that, there's simply no possible defence. I plead guilty and beg forgiveness.

But we have digressed too far this time. Time, once more, to plunge into this rigorous line, to connect the threads and head for home. Time to fade and turn and re-emerge in 1973. Take heed, here we go.

Meat Loaf converges with Jim Steinman around a musical titled 'More Than You Deserve', but Steinman already has his eye on another prospective *protégé* for his work, someone by the name of Kim Millford.

"Kim Millford," Meat Loaf recalls with just a hint of smugness, "looked like Jim Dandy, and Steinman thought he was destined to be a rock'n'roll star . . . I knew Kim Millford was destined for nothin'!"

This realisation apparent, Meat Loaf then sets to work on altering the Steinman mode of composing. A legend is being quietly and painstakingly brewed here. "I finally convinced Steinman to write some different kinds of stuff, 'cos he was writing weird stuff, I mean he was *out there*!"

But the inexorable process was set in motion.

"The first song that I talked him into writing was 'You Took The Words Right Out Of My Mouth'. Then we sat in a car one night, worked out 'Paradise . . .' and I made him extend 'Bat . . .'. And I came up with things like 'All Revved Up . . .', which is a lot about me in High School; 'Paradise . . .' too, was about my life in High School. Anyway, Jim is a better writer than I am; I can think of things, of stories but I don't put it down in words too well."

IF MEAT LOAF struggled for the words, the parts came somewhat easier. He is brought to London to convert the character of Eddie from the stage onto celluloid for the film version of the 'Rocky Horror Show'. Meat Loaf along with Tim Curry, who played the outrageous transexual Transylvanian Frank-N-Furter, is one of the few performers to play their roles on both stage and screen, the original Loaf-Eddie being imported from the Los Angeles production. But Curry is having difficulties making the adjustment from curtain-call to camera and, sometime in 1974, takes a fateful taxi ride with his co-star, Meat Loaf.

"Curry was all upset 'cos he couldn't figure out how to transfer the character from the stage to film, so we rode around London for about £45-worth talking about it. He'd been doing it so long onstage that he was locked into that role . . . I dunno if I helped him or not, but we sure spent a lot of time in a taxi!"

Eventually relinquishing the sanctuary of the taxi, Curry pulls himself together after the first week of shooting and the film goes on to become one of the greatest cult successes of all time.

"I just never thought the movie was put together too well, but I guess maybe I was wrong."

Indeed, but Meat Loaf hasn't the time to ponder the intricacies of the 'Rocky Horror Picture Show's' crazed appeal. The theatre beckons once more and he returns to Broadway to appear in the 'National Lampoon Show', which in turn gave birth to the infamous 'Saturday Night Live' American TV series (about as close to 'Monty Python' as the US has yet got, indeed both Eric Idle and Michael Palin have hosted the show) as well as spawning the 'National Lampoon' movies 'Animal House' *etc.* Alongside Meat Loaf in this venture were such trusty stalwarts as Dan Aykroyd, Harold Raimis and Bill Murray ('Ghostbusters'!!), Gilda Radner and the late John Belushi. Here, Meat Loaf learns much of the improvisation technique that becomes a feature of his later live performances.

"I owe a lot to John Belushi because he and I were good friends and he taught me a lot. If he'd lived, John woulda become of the best actors in the world, ever. He just had a problem with trusting . . . but he was unbelievable, one of the most talented people I've ever known in my entire life."

Another talent involved in the '. . . Lampoon' shows is composer Paul Jacobs, who would have to wait another seven years before finally coming to the fore in Meat Loaf's career.

"See, I wanted Paul in the band from the very beginning but he didn't want to work with Jimmy (Steinman) and Jimmy didn't want to work with anybody that was any good, really. That's not to put him down, I mean he worked with the Kulick brothers (Bruce and Bob) which was fine, but he had a fear of musicians – at that time, he doesn't now – who knew more about music than he did!"

So the coupling is never made; neither is that between Meat Loaf and the 'Saturday Night Live' team. Meat Loaf attends the initial auditions for the 'SNL' show as the thing is being formulated by the 'National Lampoon' crowd. The singer just wanted the chance to sing on the first show, the team had other ideas.

"They said to me, 'Are you interested in doing a show?' And I said, 'No' . . . a mistake! I shoulda done it, ha!"

But Meat Loaf is currently too tied up with fellow Lampooner Jim Steinman to seriously contemplate a regular TV spot. Nevertheless, he returns a further three times to appear on the show and remains the only musician, aside from Mick Jagger, to ever perform anything other than songs. His most notable 'skit' partner was another occasional guest called Eddie Murphy.

Meat Loaf's line of succession, this rigorous line we have so meticulously followed, now takes a bizarre twist as he becomes involved in an ill-conceived venture called 'Rock-A-Bye-Hamlet', directed by a famous New York dancer/choreographer named Goward Champion because, "He'd done a lotta hit stuff and when you have an opportunity to work with people like that, *you do it*!"

So, the learning process continued for the apprentice Loaf even though, "It was a terrible show, it was a dreadful part . . . but I learned from him!" And what Meat Loaf mastered through this rock musical version of 'Hamlet', was "how to give and take *focus*! That's a very important lesson performers need to learn from the view-point of how to perform. You see, if you're me you don't want people looking at you all the time, you want them going somewhere else and then coming back to you.

"There's very few people who have the kind of strength that I do onstage so when I give them the focus and *then* take it back, it rockets! This is not an ego trip because I don't have anything to do with it, it's just there. I know what I can do and what I can't do . . . and I stay away from the things I can't do; I don't pretend and don't try to fool myself.

"But in that show, I was onstage with 72 other people and I had to take focus . . . and I did it! And Goward Champion said, 'You're the first person I've ever seen that can take focus from a group of 72 people dancing about you at high-energy and you're not doing a f**king thing . . . but everyone in the audience is watching you!' And I said, 'Well, I figured it out . . .' "

And that figured and the focus taken, Meat Loaf then blurs from the scene as 1974 becomes 1975. Steinman has been convinced he should be writing nothing else but rock songs and the next two years are spent in divising ways of releasing the Bat from Hell. But, before disappearing into the mire he takes time out to record a song called 'Clap Your Hands And Stand By Me' – destined to become one of the forgotten classics of the era – with Procol Harum's BJ Wilson and guitarist Ritchie Blackmore among others. He also takes a trip into Trevor Horn's studio, Sarm, to record a song titled 'Tulip Baker', written for a girl who ended up failing to produce the necessary vocal. In steps Meat Loaf to the rescue.

"You wanna know how *high* it was? Pfft!! Almost blew my brains out!!"

SWAPPING STORES, ideas and notations, the Steinman/Loaf team begin to assemble a collection of songs and a group of like-minded thinkers. One such is Rory Dodd, last heard singing' *'Turn around, Bright eyes!'* on Bonnie Tyler's Steinman-penned '83 smash-hit 'Total Eclipse Of The Heart'. Rory and his brother Cal were backing singers with a lot of Canadian bands and, "Rory invented many of the background parts that were real intricate inside different things like 'Paradise . . .' and 'Bat . . .'. I had him write a duet for me and Ellen Foley on 'Paradise . . .' 'cos I

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FROM PAGE 39

thought Foley could sing real well. I just fed him the idea about how I used to hang out by a lake in the car with this girl. Jimmy added to it by making it the life-story.

"'Bat . . .' was finished at the second chorus and I made Jim go ahead and write the end of it. I said, 'It's not done, you've gotta finish this story!' And Jimmy had me do stuff, like different ways of singing 'For Crying Out Loud'. And we had a lot arguments . . . one time I turned over a piano on him! Then we panicked 'cos we had to put this piano back together . . . so we did it with chewing gum and string so no-one would know it was broken! But I really love Jimmy; people think that we don't like each other but I really love him and think he's talented and I have absolutely nothing bad to say about him at all . . . and never will!"

But, despite the heartache and the broken pianos, no-one wanted to touch the project; every major company turning it down, "at least four times!" 'Who wants these songs?' they asked. 'Everyone wants these songs', came the answer . . . everyone, it seemed, *except* the record companies. Steinman and Loaf had taken their newly improvised show out on the road and were convinced of the public's desire for their material. Eventually, *RCA* took the plunge but dropped it again as quickly when Todd Rundgren wanted in as producer/arranger. Rundgren, too, opted out at the mixing stage so, "it took us months to mix it because were using everybody and their mother; Jimmy lovine and everybody! We spent four or five months mixing the record over and over again . . . I was ready to kick 'Paradise . . .' off until a guy named John Jansen came in and put it together! Nobody knows who John Jansen is but he saved 'Paradise . . .' when I was ready to get rid of it . . . because it was dreadful! Rundgren's mix was *dog*! It was terrible! And it was all done in more studios than you could shake a stick at!"

Before the stick shaking started, though, Meat Loaf had gone into The Sound Pit in Atlanta, Georgia, with Ted Nugent and recorded some lead vocals for Nugent's 'Free For All' album in 1976. Meat Loaf, with his usual business acumen and astute judgement of a sure-fire winner, agrees to sing the material for a flat fee of $1000. Ted pays up. The album subsequently sells over a million copies.

While Nugent rakes in the money, Meat Loaf rakes in the pressure from *Epic*, the label which eventually released the 'Bat . . .' extravaganza, for a follow-up LP.

"The next record, 'Bad For Good', came along and I was being left out of it . . . everybody knew what to do for me at that point and I said, 'F**k you', and left! I quit and said, 'Everyone can go to hell! I don't wanna do another 'Bat Out Of Hell', I don't like 'Stark Raving Love'; I love 'Left In The Dark', 'Out Of The Frying Pan (And Into The Fire)', 'Surf's Up' . . . I love the stuff that's different from what was on 'Bat . . .'. There was a song called 'Rock'n'Roll Dreams Come Through' that I really liked but I didn't like the other stuff; 'Bad For Good' was alright but it wasn't great. 'Stark Raving Love' I hate. Steinman turned it into 'Holding Out For A Hero' which they use for the *Channel 4* American Football programme every week! And I *really* hated 'Dance In My Pants', where everyone was trying to get Jim to write another 'Paradise . . .'! 'Dance . . .' was *not* 'Paradise . . .', you *can't* write another one!

"And it was making me crazy; no-one was talking to me about anything! And then Rundgren said to me, 'If you can't talk to me in musical terms don't speak to me at all!' So I said, 'Fine, I'll never talk to you again!'"

STHEP GORDON, manager of Alice Cooper and Blondie, offers the redundant Meat the part of Travis Redfish, Superman-roadie in a movie top-heavy with rock stars, both on celluloid and soundtrack. Not surprisingly, both Cooper and Blondie also make it onto the screen. But for Loaf, the opportunity is a Godsend and he grabs the chance with both hands, if not totally without reservation.

"I read the script, I thought it was OK, I thought it could be better, I thought I could do the part better than it was written. . . and I liked what I did!

"'Roadie' was the perfect escape, I *became* Travis Redfish! I'm a mechanical failure but when I got the part of Travis, I could fix anything. . . I was going around fixing vacuum cleaners, radios, TVs. . . I was doing stuff I can't even do! Because I *become* these people. . . I'm not an actor, I become *possessed*, another human being! It drives my wife, Lesley, crazy! She didn't know who she was living with!"

'Roadie' impresses the critics but otherwise bombs quietly. Meat Loaf changes lanes again.

Feeling "ready", Meat Loaf takes a new set of Steinman tunes into the studio, initially with Jimmy lovine at the desk, although production later falls to the singer himself. The record (titled 'Dead Ringer') however, was doomed never to be able to match the peaks attained by its predecessor. And Steinman, tiring of the wait-for-the-man, had gone ahead and recorded the proposed follow-up, 'Bad For Good', himself.

For Meat Loaf, 'Dead Ringer' plunged him into darkness, gloom and despair. Even the timing of its release (September 1981) conspired against him. Internal political squabbling at *Epic* Records results in 350 people being axed from their posts a week after it hit the racks. Amongst the victims in the *Epic* purge are all the people who had supported the 'Bat Out Of Hell' project; Meat Loaf and his album "went down with the regime" and looked unlikely to get back up again quickly. So sweeping was the cauterising there that, even following sales topping four million units for 'Bat. . . ', the US label fails to so much as release a single from the new LP.

The Meat Loaf flame is kept alive by the support coming out of Europe, where his duet with Cher on 'Dead Ringer For Love', becomes a smash-hit single.

"Working with Cher. . . I can never say enough good things about her. . . she's a pro, she's great, I love working with pros."

Meat Loaf is handed $100,000 and returns the record company five videos, including the 'Dead Ringer. . . ' bar-room confrontation with the leather-clad Cher. But the financial sluice-gates are opening up at both ends and as Loaf lashes out on the videos, his management "stole from me blind!" The litigation follows swiftly and the line becomes so submerged in legal mire as to be all but imperceptible. Our rigorous line has become flaccid and disjointed as Meat Loaf prepares 22 separate law-suits worth $85 million. And then the bills come in.

Even Steinman sues him but, "we settled that over the phone ourselves because it was stupid for me and Jimmy, who're friends, to do that. Jimmy was talked into that; he figures there was a $200,000 payment due to him and the money was in a bank and I declared a bankruptcy. And when that happened it was in a trust set up through lawyers, and these lawyers, who were owed money, went for it. . . and there was nothing I could do about it. The bankruptcy people took the rest and I settled with him, giving him all kinds of publishing and money and things. I did the best I could with Jimmy.

"There was a period of time when it was ridiculous. . . I couldn't work, I couldn't do anything for nine months. . . I had injunctions on me. 'Midnight At The Lost & Found' was a *joke* album! We couldn't do a record properly; I knew it was the last album for *Epic* and they were really trying to control my life! It's like the old saying: 'Kick him while he's down'. I was down and they were trying to throw in as many kicks as they could!"

But Meat Loaf survived with a few emotional fractured ribs, yet otherwise intact. *Epic* appeared quite happy to see the back of him and the man retreated to that well-known haven for retired rock stars, *Arista*. May 31 1984 marked his final casting aside of all legal fetters and found him in a studio with his new band led by Bob Kulick and keyboardist Paul Jacobs; the latter also wrote most of the material on 'Bad Attitude' with his *fiancée* Sarah 'Sandy' Durkee and produced alongside Loaf and 'Reinhardt' Mack, Queen producer and renowned encylcopaedia salesman. But not until the services of Alan Shacklock had been dispensed with from the control room! ("Take the 'Shlock' out of Shacklock and you get 'Hack'," offered Jacobs succinctly if not quite orthographically correct).

Which brings us up to 1985 and the end (so far) of the line. This strange power has cast us back and forth through the meandering extent of Meat Loaf's rigorous career and now, at least, we may have acquired some better understanding of its wayward progress. The line continues, we may be sure, and perhaps there is only one question that remains as yet unresolved: What *was* the name of the Colonel in the TV series 'I Dream Of Jeannie'?!

KONCERTS

TARAZARA
Dingwalls, Camden

MY MIND is merely a nesting area for a sub-conscious fraternity (*Oh Gawd! Here we go again! – Ed.*). They mingle, giggle, groove and chortle, each surreptitiously carving out its own filial phial with a blade sharpened on psychological neurosis. The *Id* has exploded and I'm sensitive to light.

Let me introduce you to the Peardrop Man, just one of my many alternative egos. So called because its metaphysical characteristic is that of an inverted, stumpy exclamation mark (don't ask how I know, I just. . . do, OK?), this is my 'hi ho, let's get crazee' shadow walker. He surfaces for tanked-up air bubbles on very few occasions, but he was very much in evidence at Dingwalls, fighting it out with the sardines in the tin hut.

Yeah, the Camden warehouse was packed to the galloping gills, an event rare in recent times for the venue. To gain any sort of visual access to the main band, the Peardrop Man had to elbow his nerve cells through the trough and plunge his snout into the shoal of offshore porpoises. But, 'twas worth the effort. Oh yeah, 'twas worth thrice the effort. Make no mistake, we're talkin' about a special 'trickle of fate' brew here, me pantin' heart throbs.

And now, for some serious analysis. People were convinced that the rave review afforded this London quintet in 'Best Of British' (issue 87) had a considerable amount to do with the large numbers of punters and A&R personages present at Dingwalls. Me? I'm too modest to take any credit. . . in fact, I'm too busy getting high, high, high. Tarazara are that rarity in modern times, a band who take their roots from a diverse variety of band aids yet hold no brief for any particular springboard. T. Rex, the Sweet, Def Leppard, Girl, Slade, these guys have a wide perspective on the melodic caveman past, yet have succeeded in drifting matters into their own, well exposed cove.

The song titles won't mean anything to you yet (aside from a remarkably accurate rendition of Sweet's 'Hell Raiser' as a final encore gesture), but 'Send Me Your Love Tonight', 'Wake Up', 'Fantasy', 'Headmaster Of The Deadly Kiss', 'Behind The Mask'. . . these will become *bona fide* classics of the deepest watering hole. And with the style of musicianship adopted by the four instrumentalists herein (flashy yet solid), this band will build and build until they throw grappling hooks on to the Tower of Babel and haul themselves up towards the heavens.

But, but, but, the fact that Tarazara are in any way amazing even *without* consideration of vocalist Danielz is quite a feat in itself. When I tell you that this guy is a total trip, a complete ego on stilts and quite possibly the best frontman to emerge on the UK scene since. . . well, since William Pitt the Younger, then you'll begin to grasp what Tarazara are indeed capable of achieving. Danielz is everything and *more*. Elements of Bolan (Marc), Mercury (Freddie), Tyler (Steve), Lewis (Phil) and Monroe (Marilyn) fight it out for tarted-up supremacy, but are ultimately submerged beneath this chap's rouged cheek and *conquistador* confidence. And he has a voice that is pure moon mountain *magic*.

Is it any wonder that the Peardrop Man is still in a state of stasis? Tarazara are the best unsigned UK hard rock act he's clapped neurosis on since. . . ooh, '79.

MALCOLM DOME

Pic Peter Cronin

DANIELZ, TARAZARA vocalist (centre in pic): 'this guy is a total trip, an ego on stilts. . .'

SPLITCROW
Central Hall, Ashington

WHERE THE f**k's Ashington? I hear you cry.

Well, gi'us half a mo and I'll explain. Have you heard of a place kalled Newcastle? Well go up the koast road ten miles heading norf and you'll come to this small town kalled Ashington, home of the famous Charlton Brothers – Bobby and Jackie. And now it's also a Splitcrow stronghold.

This quartet are beginning to make quite a name for themselves on the Norf East Workingmen's Klub circuit. I must say it was a weird experience, seeing a band play live in a venue like this – there were a few old dears getting legless at the back and the rest of the hall was decked out like a school dining room – two long rows of tables and chairs wiv a dance floor area in the middle and a stage at one end.

Well I wasn't in the mood for dancin' so I ordered my pint or three of Norf Eastern Bitter (and at about 50p a pint you can't komplain) and sat down at one of the tables, waiting for the fat *compère* to kum out and introduce the stripper or the komik. But instead we got the kry of: "Right, are yer ready for a good bit of Norf Eastern Boogie? Then get yer DOGS (Geordie slang for a Brown Ale, I believe) in, coz here are our very own SPLITCROW!"

And what followed was absolutely breathtaking – never have I seen such an unknown band turn in such a professional display. I find it hard to believe that this band hasn't already been snapped up by a major. If you like Molly Hatchet, ZZ Top and Blackfoot, the chances are you'll love Splitcrow! I recently played their album to Blackfoot's very own Rick Medlocke – and he was surprised to find out that the band were English, he was very impressed with what he heard. And LIVE they sound even better.

Kickin' off wiv 'Stir Crazy', a very Hatchet influenced song by the way, I could detekt klass straight away. Lead and slide guitarist John Dickinson is a master of his kraft, as indeed are all this band. During 'Nobody's Gonna Stand In My Way' we were treated to some serious Suvern style bass playin' from Barry Winlow, who really did remind me of Leon Wilkeson of Lynyrd Skynyrd fame, right down to the hat changes and Peavy amps. Rob Davidson's vocals have to be heard to be believed; he was especially potent on Mick 'The Kid' Wall's favourite 'Crow track, the katchy 'Back Door Blues' – very Danny Joe Brown.

Splitcrow specialise in what they like to term 'Dance Rock', and during an excellent kover version of the ZZ Top klassik 'Fool For Your Stockings' practically every gal in the hall got up off their buts and remained on the dance floor for the rest of the show. Nice to see so many gals (they out numbered the fellas two to one) gettin' off on this potent boogie.

Splitcrow, along with Persian Risk, are the only two English bands worth taking seriously at the moment. There's no flashy stage show, no silly kostumes, but there *is* great music. And if, like me, you like to hear the Blues Metalfied and boogyfied, then you'll just love Splitcrow.

Judging by the crowd reaction, Splitcrow coulda gone on playin' all night long, but as it was they played a good two hours' worth, bowing out on a high note wiv the Elmore James/George Thorogood chestnut 'Madison Blues'.

I've got a feelin' we're gonna be hearing a lot more from Splitcrow. Now wouldn't it be great if they could get on the up-and-coming Blackfoot tour?

XAVIER RUSSELL

GIUFFRIA
Long Beach Arena, California

GIUFFRIA ARE one of those refreshing bands in which the guitar is not the most important instrument. And they're going to be huge. Not big. HUGE.

Support act on the Deep Purple US tour couldn't be a better slot for these new faces, capturing a ready-made audience of kids too young to see (or even remember) Deep Purple the first time around, or those – dare I say it – 'older' Purple fans who may be ready for a change of pace, a breath of fresh air. And Giuffria provide it, with all the right moves at all the right times, the refreshing Journey-inspired music taken one step beyond, away from the guitar hero and on to a new mentor – The Keyboard Hero.

OK, I'll admit that my companion and I did sputter a bit at the choice of fashion Gregg and company displayed (*au contraire*, spandex in the US is a distinct OUT, as are fringed knee-high boots for anyone besides Blackfoot), and we found it a delightful coincidence that the annual Southern California Hairdressers Convention was being held in another part of the same complex (but then what wouldn't any girl – or guy for that matter – give for tresses like Mr Giuffria's?). But once the bulls**t was pushed aside there was very little room for complaint.

Actually, we couldn't get enough of El Lay's next-in-line-for-the-next-big-thing, and were most distressed when they left the stage after five (or was it six?) jolly good tunes without even an encore, consoling ourselves with the proverbial "Well, just wait until they're headliners". The songs, taken from the successful 'Giuffria' album, make the transition from vinyl to live performance extremely well, especially the LA fave rave single 'Call To The Heart' and the ass-kicking 'Trouble Again'. Though the sound bordered on unacceptable distortion at times (not *their* fault!), underneath the fuzz *it was there* – from David Eisley's Perry-esque vocals (sure, a bit too much of David Lee Roth in the stage manner, but all Californians are Van Halen fans so this made no difference), though Craig Goldy's admirable axecraft, to our hero tinkling the ivories.

Putting a helmsman with the reputation of Gregg Giuffria at the head of a new band, is it any wonder that they're doing so well? Keyboards-as-a-primary-instrument is a nice change from the vocals/guitar/bass/drums pattern, and Giuffria is definitely paving the way for something very good.

COREENE DECKER

KONTINUES PAGE 44

PHIL COLLINS
Royal Albert Hall, London

DWARFED BY both the material and traditional splendour of the huge dome, people young and old sputtered with tense expectancy, before the failing light unified their voices in a rousing cheer.

And then some bloke came wandering out from the shadows of dormant instruments. A small, middle-aged chap with a receding hair-line and stubbly chin in a rather ill-fitting suit, he strolled casually with hands pushed deeply into pockets, squinting at the newly sprung spotlight and offering a simple shrug to the roars.

'Twas Mr Phil Collins of course, typically disregarding the pomp and glamour of it all with his engaging nonchalance, parking his butt on a stool and tapping around some drums. This may have been the opening night of his capital stint, but as 'I Don't Care Anymore' built steadily with Chester Thompson providing powerful percussive protection, it seemed far less important and consequently radiated warmth.

"We're gonna be around 'til the drugs wear off," Phil announced after 'Only You Know And I Know' had introduced his black brass buddies to the cluttered stage, and then with jacket off (no jacket required, y'see?) it was into the bubbly 'I Cannot Believe It's True' with increasing enthusiasm. This, a tingling sensation told me, was going to be a marvellous evening's entertainment.

And it was. Perfectly-paced, beautifully-balanced and thoroughly professional, the set shimmered with Collins' inimitable genius, while his Hot Tub Club (including guru-like bassist Lee Sklar and debonair Daryl Steurmer on guitar) backed his every move with flawless efficiency. From the cool, soothing strains of 'This Must Be Love' through the equally evocative 'Against All Odds' and the livelier 'Inside Out' (with some sweet Steurmer inserts) to 'Who Said I Would', they showed a relaxed yet tenacious coherence, leaving Phil free to bounce wherever his multi-talents took him.

A highlight for me was the highly emotive 'If Leaving Me Is Easy', with Phil a lone, blue figure in a sea of purple, pouring his heart out to us all, while happier moments ensued with 'Sussudio', 'Behind The Lines' and the driving power-pop of 'Don't Lose My Number', all of which found the little man jigging centre stage.

But it's when he nipped over to his drum kit for 'The West Side' that the crowd went absolutely bananas! Multi-coloured lights jerking back and forth across the stage, brass boys pumping with incredible precision and drum-sticks a blinding blur, this was sheer briliance worth every penny of the high ticket price.

Back to the keys for soon-come single 'One More Night' and then with some more snappy stick-work on 'In The Air Tonight', Collins and Co received a standing ovation after a final flurry of 'Like China', 'You Can't Hurry Love', 'It Don't Matter To Me' and 'Hand In Hand'.

Never have two hours passed so quickly. MARK PUTTERFORD

Pic Robert Ellis

PHIL COLLINS: he's got the jack(et)

KONCERTS

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

FM/CHROME MOLLY
Marquee, London

RUMOUR HAS it that there was a punter here tonight, but he must've been knee-high to a Dio, for I couldn't see the poor bugger anywhere. The reason for this phenomenal lig? No, not to celebrate the honourable Neil Murray's return to Guest List City after a short break in Rio, but in fact to witness the British stage debut of *Epic* new boys, FM.

Not surprisingly, then, the turn-out for support act Chrome Molly was of Bogthorpe Rovers proportions. But interest in the Leicester-based four-piece, originating from their 'You Said' EP last year, enticed me out of the pub at a time unknown to seasoned liggers.

Molly proved to be a good young band with a healthy attitude, several outstanding songs and a nifty stixman in Mark Godfrey, fighting well under the usual support-band circumstances (short set, poor sound quality . . .) to flaunt their potential. But despite all this, I still feel the band need knocking into shape quickly if they're gonna push for promotion with any real conviction. Have they got a manager? If so, he should be guiding them into focus from a slightly different angle. I liked what I saw of Chrome Molly, but I've seen it all before.

As for FM, well they know exactly where they're going – America! The band that tacks together Samson rhythm pals Pete Jupp (drums) and Mervyn Goldsworthy (bass) with ex-Wildlife brothers Steve and Chris Overland (not to mention keyboards player Didge Digital, who looks like something out of *'Star Trek'*) did all but play 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' to acknowledge the dollar-spinning potential of selling-out to Reagansville.

Gliding with a slick, stylish professionalism that shone brightly in the smokey atmosphere, FM oozed with class from the off. They spouted streams of sugar-sweet 'hits' from 'That Girl', 'Face To Face', 'Say It Like It Is' and 'Frozen Heart' to 'I Belong To The Night', 'Hot Wire' and 'The Other Side Of Midnight'. A bad song seemed more unlikely than a Goldsworthy smile.

With a great voice, Steve Overland led all the way; a gleaming, incisive spearhead of a clean, polished, air-tight unit. But while you can't help but admire all this silky-smooth, sickeningly commercial radio fodder, I detect a hint of insincerity. You *know* that with the right producer, the right promotion and the right timing, you can't fail, don'tcha, lads?

MARK PUTTERFORD

Pic Peter Blake

FM: 'silky smooth, sickeningly commercial . . .'

TOBRUK/XS
Marquee, London

THE AGE of plunder continues unabated, and it really is getting harder to separate'one's spontaneous feelings for music from the warm glow of self-congratulation at having recognised what records the group have been listening to. Thus, in a nut shell, the smooth AOR flexibility of 'Best Of British' demo tape trailblazers XS (see issue 86) left most observers curiously balanced between two extremes: stunned silence at their potential, and utter dismay at their obvious listening habits. The similarities are, therefore, a little obvious with Whitesnake, MSG and Deep Purple achieving immediate detection.

Split into roughly two hemispheres, the XS support slot contained a selection of self-penned melodic rockers of an incredibly high standard – especially the rousing melodic riffomania of 'The Show' – mixed with a faintly disheartening barrage of bluesy predictability. This apprehension was highlighted mid-set, with the appearance of Purple's 'Burn' (admittedly played well, in fact probably better than Purple!) before grinding to a shabby finale with 'I Know Something', which had a riff almost identical to that contained within MSG's 'Armed And Ready'. Still, they remain a bright flame in a bleak sea of inept competition, and I for one am still firmly committed to their support.

Tobruk, on the other hand, are thoroughly convincing. I've been watching this bunch for roughly a year or so (since the ill-fated 'Canterbury' Diamond Head tour) and they've never once failed to impress. Tonight even more so. It would seem that their recent support tours with Manowar and UFO have ignited the spark in these boys to a level that is becoming dangerously illegal. Tighter, more efficient and infinitely polished, these boys are one of the few new-age Metal acts capable of enticing the seasoned headbanger as well as more upmarket toffs like myself, who demand nothing less than intelligent sophistication.

Frontman Snake (there can only be one possible explanation, but decorum prevents detail!), tousled hair and loud personality, is the perfect vehicle for delivering the necessary upfront visual clout, superbly complementing the teasing, treasured melodic rock whipped up by the rest of the boys. Watch out for the lethal combination of axemen Nigel Evans and Mick Newman (choreographed guitar slinging an optional extra!) as they cut 'n' thrust with the manageable aplomb of Leppard's Collen/Clark team, together with the severe strike power of Robertson/Gorham during their heyday.

Songwise, they've got an incredible arsenal of self-penned material to play with, 'Wild On The Run', 'Hotline' and 'Poor Girl' set the pace, whilst killer blows are dealt with 'Breakdown' and (my current favourite) 'Running From The Night'. 'On The Rebound' could easily be from the pen of Russ Ballard, whilst 'Set Me On Fire' sounded almost as colossal as 'Firehouse'-period Kiss – all stinging guitar work and rabble-rousing chants.

Tobruk, I'm sure, will come through on the winning side.

DEREK OLIVER

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TOBRUK play the following dates during March/April: Reading Target Club March 8, Portsmouth Rock Garden 9, Manchester Jillies 12, Chelmsford Writtle College 13, Cardiff Bogies Club 15, Cannock Greyhound Stadium 16, London Marquee Club 18, Chislehurst Caves 19, Stoke Shellys 20, Gwent Cross Quays Institute 23, Birmingham Powerhouse 24, Bedford Corn Exchange April 4.

The band have just issued their first single for the *EMI* label, titled **'Falling'**.

BLACK LACE play Stoke Shellys March 18, Leeds Bier Keller 20, Bristol Granary 21, Manchester Gallery 22, Birkenhead Stairways 23, Walthamstow Royal Standard 25.

GLASGOW play Sunderland Old 29 Club April 3, Stockton-On-Tees Peppermint Park 4, Glasgow The Venue 5, Billingham The Swan 16.

HAZE will be playing dates at Sheffield University March 20, Upper Heyford The Club 22, Birmingham Railway Club 25. Their proposed appearance at Kings Lynn Blue & Gold Club on March 23 has now been postponed.

LARRY MILLER will be appearing at Guildford Royal March 9, Oxford Penny Farthing 16, Haslemere Swan Inn 19, Chichester New Park Rock Club 23, Gravesend Red Lion 30, London Marquee Club April 11.

SAMURAI play Bedford Addison Centre March 7, Walthamstow Royal Standard 8, Warrington Lion Hotel 23, Colwyn Bay Central Hotel 24.

LYADRIVE play the following dates: Cardiff Bogies Club March 23, Basildon Roundacre 25, Southend Top Alex April 12, Great Yarmouth Cap & Gown 13, Oxford Penny Farthing 18, Birmingham Railway Inn 21, Gravesend Red Lion 26, Milton Keynes Open University 27 (supporting **Liaison**), Gloucester Nelson Inn June 1.

FOREIGNER *(above) play four dates in England during June: London Wembley Arena June 14-16, Birmingham NEC 20.*

Tickets for Wembley Arena are priced at £9.50/£8.50/£7.50. They are available by post from ***MAC Promotions Ltd, PO Box 2BZ, London W1A RB2****. A booking fee of 50p should be added to the above prices and an SAE must be enclosed. All cheques/POs should be made payable to* ***'MAC Promotions'*** *and please allow 21 days for delivery.*

In addition, tickets can be purchased by credit card from the following numbers: ***01 240 0771*** *(Premier Box Office),* ***01 741 8989*** *(Keith Prowse) and* ***01 580 3141*** *(Albemarle).*

Tickets for the NEC are priced at £8.50/£7.50/£6.50 and are available by post from the above address under the same conditions. They can also be purchased from the NEC box office.

THE GUNSLINGERS play Camden Dingwalls on March 6. Support act are **Dogs D'Amour**.

MENDES PREY will be appearing at South Shields Legion Club on March 31.

SEDUCER play Camden Dingwalls on March 20.

SENTINEL, a quintet from Southampton, play London Hotel Terminus Terrace March 9, Southampton The Queens 18.

XS play Camden Dingwalls on March 13. Support act will be **Tilt**.

CITIZEN CAIN play Camden Dingwalls on March 10.

SHARK play Hull Troggs Bar on March 6.

LEGEND, from Taunton, play Bridgwater Arts Centre on March 6.

GIPSY, from Exeter, play Exeter Timepiece March 6, Launceston White Horse 8, Redruth London Inn 9.

NO FIXED ABODE play Winchester Ship March 8, Portsmouth Rock Garden 9 (supporting **Tobruk**), Portsmouth Salutation 10 (lunchtime), Petersfield Folly Market 10 (evening), Cosham QA Club 16, Passfield Royal Oak 22, Woolston London Arms 30, Portsmouth Salutation 31.

RISSOLE will be appearing at Portsmouth Salutation on March 18.

CHASAR play Glasgow Dune Club March 16, Glenrothes Crystals Arena 28, Wishaw Heathery Bar April 5.

LAHOST play Dunstable Wheatsheaf March 20, Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre 23, London Marquee Club 25, Reading Target Club 29, Cardiff Bogies Club April 6, Llannharran RUF Club 7, Birmingham Railway Club 13, Walthamstow Royal Standard 16, Coventry General Wolfe 25, Cardiff Welsh College Of Music & Drama 26, Cardiff Bogies Club 27.

■ *GEFFEN* HAVE just issued a single from the soundtrack of the film **'Vision Quest'**. The A-side features **'Only The Young'** by **Journey** with **'I'll Fall In Love Again'** from **Sammy Hagar** on the flip.

■ **RATT** HAVE just re-issued the single **'Round & Round'** on the *Atlantic* label. See review issue 78. The band are presently working on their second album with producer **Beau Hill** in Los Angeles. As yet untitled, it's likely to include one song under the handle of **'Invasion Of Privacy'**.

■ **TERRAPLANE** ISSUE a new single through *Epic* on March 11. It's titled **'I Survive'**, a re-recording of the song first issued on *City* Records. The B-side will feature **'All Night & Day'**.

■ *CAPITOL* HAVE just released the soundtrack to the movie **'Teachers'**. For details, see *Kulture* issue 84.

■ **THE LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH** have just issued their version of **Madonna**'s **'Like A Vi.rgin'** as a single on the *IRS* label.

■ **AUTOGRAPH**, FROM Los Angeles, have just issued their debut single on the *RCA* label, *viz* **'Turn Up The Radio'** b/w **'Thrill Of Love'**. Both tracks come from their forthcoming album, **'Sign In Please'**.

■ **WARFARE** ISSUE a six-track EP on the *Neat* label in the near future. Titled **'Total Death'**, it was produced by drummer/lead vocalist **Evo** at Impulse Studios in Wallsend and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Metal Anarchy'**, **'Burnin' Up** and **'This Machine Kills'**.

Side Two: **'Rape'**, **'Let The Show Go On'** and **'Destroy'**.

The band will be undertaking tours of Europe, US and Canada in the near future and will be playing live as a four-piece, augmented by former **Tysondog** drummer **Jed Wolf**, thus allowing Evo to concentrate on lead vocals. Following these commitments, the outfit will be working on their second album, **'Metal Anarchy'**, later this year. It's expected to be produced by **Lemmy**.

■ ***JOHN McCOY*** *(above) issues his debut solo album on the* Mausoleum *label during late March. Titled* ***'Think Hard'****, it was produced by McCoy and has the following track listing:*

Side One: ***'Free Mind'***, ***'The Demon Rose'***, ***'Loving Lies'*** *and* ***'Hell To Play'****.*

Side Two: ***'Heads Will Roll'***, ***'Ride The Night'***, ***'Fear Of The Morning'*** *and* ***'Jerusalem'****.*

The cassette version will contain two extra songs, viz ***'Because you Lied'*** *and* ***'Temporary Threshold Shift'****.*

The musicians on this LP include McCoy (bass), ***Paul Samson*** *(guitar),* ***Colin Towns*** *(keyboards),* ***Ron Rebel*** *(drums) and* ***T. Bone*** *(lead vocals).*

■ **BLACK ROSE** issue a four-track 12" single through *Neat* on March 8. Titled **'Nightmare'**, it features the following cuts:

Side One: **'Rock Me Hard'** and **'Need A Lot Of Lovin' '**.

Side Two: **'Nightmare'** and **'Breakaway'**.

■ **UTOPIA** HAVE just issued their latest studio album on the *Passport* label in the US. Titled **'POV'**, it was co-produced by **Todd Rundgren** and **Willie Wilcox**.

■ *POLYDOR HAVE* just issued **'VU'**, a collection of previously unavailable material from the **Velvet Underground**. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'I Can't Stand It'**, **'Stephanie Says'**, **'She's My Best Friend'**, **'Lisa Says'** and **'Ocean'**.

Side Two: **'Foggy Notion'**, **'Temptation Inside Your Heart'**, **'One Of These Days'**, **'Andy's Chest'** and **'I'm Sticking With You'**.

■ GERMAN ACT **Lions Breed** have signed a deal with *Earthshaker* Records (distributed in the UK through *Mausoleum*) and issue their debut album, **'Damn The Night'**, in the next couple of months.

Produced by **Axel Thubeauville**, it has the following track listing: **'Mental Domination'**, **'Heavy Current'**, **'Neon City'**, **'Mystery Game'**, **'Lady Of The Night'**, **'Searover'**, **'All Night Be Damned'**, **'Live & Let Die'** and **'Valve Of Hell'**.

■ OXFORD BAND **Preacher** issue a single on their own label later this month. Recorded at Matinee Music Studios in Reading, this double A-sided affair features **'I Want You'** and **'Love Tonight'**.

The band are also seeking management representation. Interested parties can contact them *via* **Julian Bennett** on **0993 3045**.

■ SWEDISH QUINTET **Destiny** issue their debut album, **'Beyond All Sense'**, on the *MB* label at the end of March. It was produced by **Ken Olsson** at Studio Bohus (Kungälv). The full tracking is:

Side One: **'Destiny'**, **'Rest In Peace'**, **'Spellbreaker'**, **'Hang Them High'** and **'Sirens In The Dark'**.

Side Two: **'Kill the Witch'**, **'Lost To Heaven'**, **'More Evil Than Evil'**, **'Power By Birth'** and **'Sacrilege'**.

The band's line-up is **Håkan Ring** (vocals), **John Proden/Magnus Österman** (lead guitars), **Stefan Björnshög** (bass) and **Peter Lundgren** (drums).

■ LOS ANGELES band **Hallows Eve** have just put out their debut album on the *Metal Blade* label in the US. It's titled **'Tales Of Terror'**.

The outfit's line-up is **Stacy Anderson** (lead vocals), **David Stuart/ Skellator** (guitars), **Tommy Stewart** (bass) and **Ronny Appoldt** (drums).

LOCAL CHART

1 MARCH OF THE SAINT **Armored Saint** (Chrysalis)
2 PERFECT STRANGERS **Deep Purple** (Polydor)
3 SIGN OF THE HAMMER **Manowar** (10 Records)
4 W.A.S.P. **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
5 LET THERE BE METAL **Armed Forces** (Metallic Flame)
6 TOOTH AND NAIL **Dokken** (Elektra)
7 POWERSLAVE **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
8 WALKIN' THE RAZOR'S EDGE **Helix** (Capitol)
9 THE LAST IN LINE **Dio** (Vertigo)
10 THE BLITZ **Krokus** (Arista)
11 RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
12 ANIMALIZE **Kiss** (Vertigo)
13 RATT **Ratt** (Music For Nations)
14 GREAT WHITE **Great White** (EMI America)
15 STAY HUNGRY **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
16 VOA **Sammy Hagar** (Geffen)
17 SHOUT AT THE DEVIL **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
18 BLACK 'N BLUE **Black 'N Blue** (Geffen)
19 SEE YOU IN HELL **Grim Reaper** (Ebony)
20 ALL HAIL TO THEE **Znowhite** (EMA)
21 WE WANT MOORE **Gary Moore** (10 Records)
22 STANDING ALONE **White Wolf** (RCA)
23 THUNDER SEVEN **Triumph** (MCA)
24 AKIMBO ALOGO **Kim Mitchell** (Bronze)
25 Y NOT ROCK **Titan** (demo)
26 THE WARNING **Queensrÿche** (EMI America)
27 OUT OF THE CELLAR **Ratt** (Atlantic)
28 VICES **Kick Axe** (Pasha)
29 SLIDE IT IN **Whitesnake** (Geffen)
30 FISTFUL OF METAL **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)

Compiled by Fast Forward *Winnipeg, Canada*

Anyone wishing to have their local chart/radio playlist published should send a copy to: **Kerrang!** *local chart/radio playlist, Spotlight Publications, 40 Long Acre, London WC2.*

STAR CHOICE

NEIL MURRAY (WHITESNAKE)
'DUNE' Toto (Polydor)
'SUGAR WALLS' Sheena Easton (EMI 45)
'VITAL SIGNS' Survivor (Scotti Brothers)

ANN BOLEYN
'PERFECT STRANGERS' Deep Purple (Polydor)
'AGENT PROVOCATEUR' Foreigner (Atlantic)
'RAINBOW RISING' Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow (Polydor)

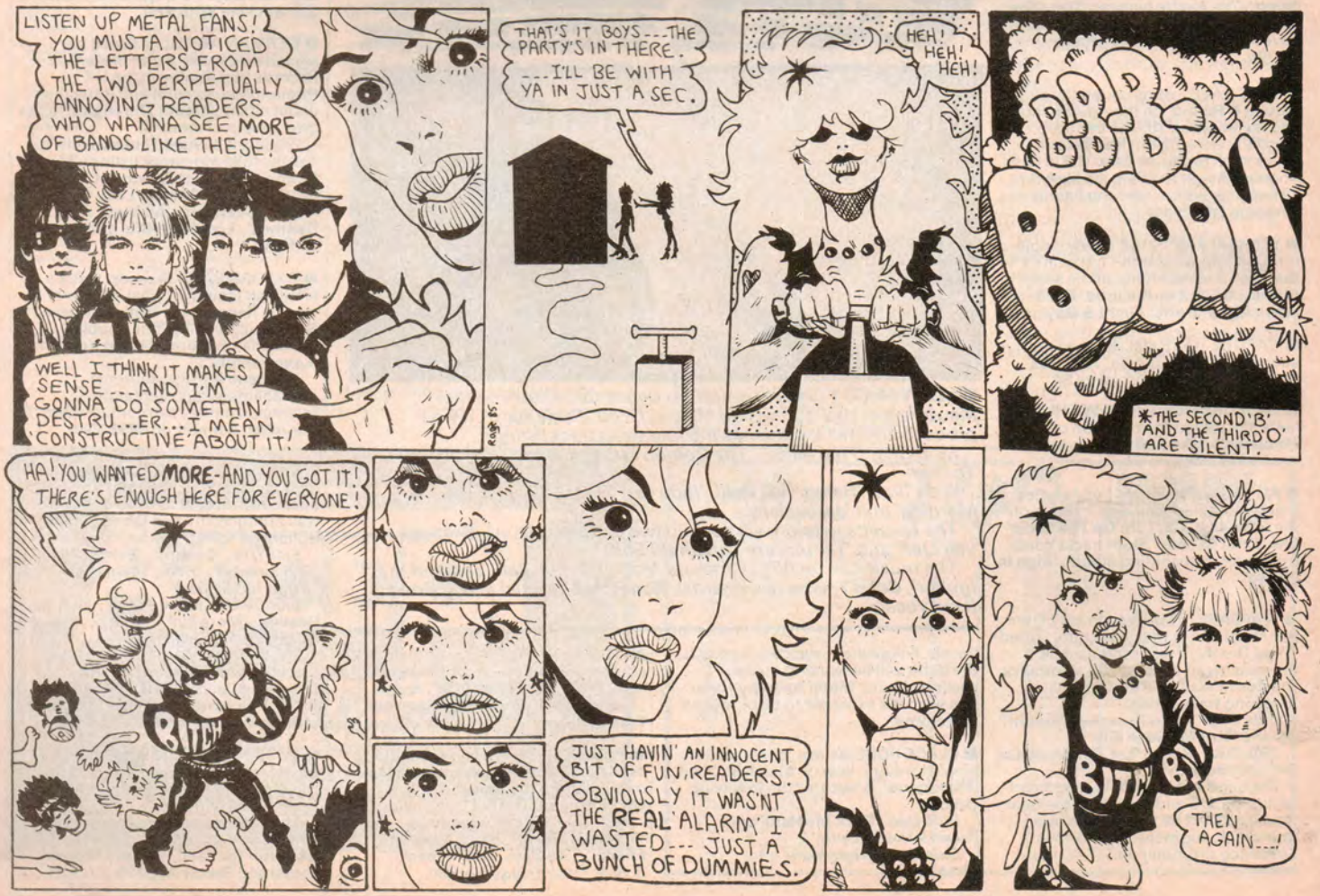
NICK BOWCOTT (GRIM REAPER)
'RESTLESS & WILD' Accept (Heavy Metal Worldwide)
'OUT OF THE CELLAR' Ratt (Atlantic)
'HELLENBACH' Hellenbach (Neat)

PETE WAY (WAYSTED)
'CALIFORNIA GIRLS' David Lee Roth (Warner Brothers)
'CENTERFIELD' John Fogerty (Warner Brothers)
'SHE'S THE BOSS' Mick Jagger (CBS)

IMPORTS

1 THE RIGHT TO ROCK **Keel** (Gold Mountain)
2 HOT TONIGHT **Lionheart** (Columbia)
3 CRAZY FROM THE HEAT **David Lee Roth** (Warner Brothers)
4 LAY DOWN THE LAW **Keel** (Shrapnel)
5 EVIL'S MESSAGE **Evil** (Rave-on)
6 THUNDER SEVEN **Triumph** (MCA)
7 ROUGH CUTT **Rough Cutt** (Warner Brothers)
8 PREPARED TO STRIKE **Vyper** (Greenworld)
9 METAL IN QUESTION **Piledriver** (Cobra)
10 RIDERS ON THE DARK **Ian Thomas** (Anthem)

PANDORA PEROXIDE



SINGLES

1	2	RUN TO YOU **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
2	3	WE BELONG **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
3	—	LEGS (METAL MIX) **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
4	5	LOVE AIN'T NO STRANGER **Whitesnake** (Liberty)
5	1	I WANT TO KNOW WHAT LOVE IS **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
6	7	CALIFORNIA GIRLS **David Lee Roth** (Warner Brothers)
7	19	SPY **Robin George** (Bronze)
8	4	PERFECT STRANGERS **Deep Purple** (Polydor)
9	—	UNDERSTANDING **Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band** (Capitol)
10	—	RADIOACTIVE **The Firm** (Atlantic)
11	8	SEA OF LOVE **Honeydrippers** (Es Paranza)
12	9	SHARP DRESSED MAN **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
13	6	THE SEVEN YEAR (B)ITCH **Slade** (RCA)
14	10	THE NIGHT THE MASTER COMES **Uli Jon Roth & Electric Sun** (EMI)
15	13	I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOUR LOVE **Terraplane** (Epic)
16	—	HOWLING AT THE MOON **The Ramones** (Beggars Banquet)
17	11	GIMME GIMME GOOD LOVIN' **Helix** (Capitol)
18	12	MANITOU **Venom** (Neat)
19	15	CREEPING DEATH **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
20	16	HEARTLINE **Robin George** (Bronze)
21	17	DON'T YOU EVER LEAVE ME **Hanoi Rocks** (CBS)
22	14	GIMME ALL YOUR LOVIN' **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
23	—	THRILLS IN THE NIGHT **Kiss** (Vertigo import)
24	20	NOWHERE FAST **Meat Loaf** (Arista)
25	28	LONELY SCHOOL **Tommy Shaw** (A&M)
26	—	CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING **Reo Speedwagon** (Epic)
27	18	STRANGER IN TOWN **Toto** (CBS)
28	24	ANIMAL (**** LIKE A BEAST) **W.A.S.P.** (Music For Nations)
29	21	THE WANDERER **Status Quo** (Vertigo)
30	22	TOO YOUNG TO FALL IN LOVE **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)

ALBUMS

1	1	AGENT PROVOCATEUR **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
2	3	HITS OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Epic)
3	6	TROPICO **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
4	2	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
5	9	BAD ATTITUDE **Meat Loaf** (Arista)
6	7	PERFECT STRANGERS **Deep Purple** (Polydor)
7	—	BEYOND THE ASTRAL SKIES **Uli Jon Roth & Electric Sun** (EMI)
8	4	HONEYDRIPPERS VOL ONE **Honeydrippers** (Swansong)
9	5	BRING ME THE HEAD OF YURI GAGARIN **Hawkwind** (Demi Monde)
10	21	GIUFFRIA **Giuffria** (MCA)
11	18	TWO STEPS FROM THE MOVE **Hanoi Rocks** (CBS)
12	8	TOO TOUGH TO DIE **Ramones** (Beggars Banquet)
13	—	NEW ANATOMY **Inner City Unit** (Demi Monde)
14	16	1984 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
15	26	THE RIGHT TO ROCK **Keel** (Gold Mountain)
16	10	SHOUT AT THE DEVIL **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
17	11	12 GOLD BARS VOLUME 2 **Status Quo** (Vertigo)
18	23	HOT TONIGHT **Lionheart** (CBS)
19	14	ROCK PRETTY **Various** (Heavy Metal Records)
20	41	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
21	—	FLASHPOINT **Tangerine Dream** (Heavy Metal Worldwide)
22	13	THE DEED IS DONE **Molly Hatchet** (Epic)
23	17	POWERSLAVE **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
24	25	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
25	—	LIVE AT THE INFERNO **Raven** (Neat)
26	22	W.A.S.P. **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
27	15	ISOLATION **Toto** (CBS)
28	38	CRAZY FROM THE HEAT **David Lee Roth** (Warner Brothers)
29	19	IN YOUR FACE **TKO** (Music For Nations)
30	20	MIDNIGHT FLIGHT **Earthshaker** (Music For Nations)
31	12	REAL TO REEL **Marillion** (EMI)
32	32	DANGEROUS MUSIC **Robin George** (Bronze)
33	28	SILENT DANCE **Solstice** (Equinox)
34	29	THIS IS HAWKWIND, DO NOT PANIC **Hawkwind** (Flicknife)
35	24	TOOTH AND NAIL **Dokken** (Elektra)
36	27	TEJAS ZZ **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
37	31	HEART OF STEEL **Reckless** (Heavy Metal America)
38	—	BRIGHTEST STARZ **Starz** (Heavy Metal America)
39	30	DEGUELLO **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
40	33	LAY DOWN THE LAW **Keel** (Shrapnel)
41	36	EVIL'S MESSAGE **Evil** (Rave-on)
42	37	WHITE SISTER **White Sister** (Heavy Metal America)
43	39	WE WANT MOORE **Gary Moore** (10 Records)
44	35	ZZ TOP'S FIRST ALBUM **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
45	44	THUNDER SEVEN **Triumph** (MCA)
46	43	HONOUR & BLOOD **Tank** (Music For Nations)
47	34	THE METAL MACHINE **Various** (Roadrunner)
48	40	PURE FILTH **Warfare** (Neat)
49	42	SHAFT OF LIGHT **Airrace** (Atco)
50	—	ROUGH CUTT **Rough Cutt** (Warner Brothers)

PLAYLIST

HOWARD JOHNSON
'READY TO STRIKE' King Kobra (Capitol import)
'REMOTE LUXURY' The Church (Carrere)
'DISTURBING THE PEACE' Alcatrazz (Capitol import)

MALCOLM DOME
'JOHN PARR' John Parr (Atlantic import)
'EQUATOR' Uriah Heep (Portrait)
'CENTERFIELD' John Fogerty (Warner Brothers)

GEOFF BARTON
'THE FIRM' The Firm (Atlantic)
'HIGHWAY STAR' Metal Church (track from the 'Metal Church' LP on Steamhammer import)
'ROCK AND ROLL GIRLS' John Fogerty (track from the 'Centerfield' LP on Warner Brothers)

DANTE BONUTTO
'KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE MONEY' Mötley Crüe (demo)
'TOO LOUD FOR THE CROWD' Venom (track from the 'Possessed' LP on Neat)
'THE RIGHT TO ROCK' Keel (Gold Mountain import)

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MISTY

MISTY? WELL, it seems that her Christian name's D... (I promised not to tell) and when you sign on they take your surname first and then, in her case, add Miss D... Geddit?

OK, explanations out of the way, on with the spiel. Misty's the shapely replacement for the merely ***Girl***-ish ***Phil Lewis*** as front person with the ***New Torpedos***. She made her live debut with the band at the end of February after joining them late last year. She hasn't got too much to say about her background, merely hinting at "a wasted youth", although she admits that she started out as a go-go dancer – "Fully clothed!" she stresses firmly.

After moving to London from her home in Stoke and fronting a power-pop outfit, she was offered a solo deal but opted to take up the Torpedos' offer instead because "they simply had more to offer, and I really like their songs".

Misty's not the only change in the Torpedos' camp it seems, with the band now amounting to none other than ***720*** with a new vocalist, and a change of name is being seriously considered.

With guitarist ***Rudy Riviere*** now an ex-Torpedo (after spending some time helping out ***Terraplane***, it appears he's now a fully fledged member of ***Blackmail***) the NT line-up currently comprises four ex-720 men: ***Dave Colwell*** and ***Andy Barnett*** (guitars), ***Dave Birch*** (bass) and ***Paul Edwards*** (drums). Barnett, in fact, is now something of a seasoned veteran – he's played with the likes of ***Michael des Barres*** and ***Visage*** and has spent the best part of a year in the USA with new Canadian hotshot ***Corey Hart***. His influence, according to Paul Edwards, "is pulling us forward, giving us a much more modern feel".

The newly revitalised Torpedos can be checked out in March at the following venues: Walthamstow Royal Standard (6), Guildford Royal (8), Gravesend Red Lion (22) and London Embassy Club (27).

PAUL SUTER

Pic Ray Palmer